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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 427

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Customs Administration 430
The Sequel to a Railway Quarrel 430
Commercialized College Athletics 431
Art Prices and Art Values 432

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

Archæologists in the Ægean 433
Count Lavalette's Memoirs.—II. 434

CORRESPONDENCE:

Popular Election of Senators 435
A Correction 435

NOTES 435

BOOK REVIEWS:

Books on Art 439
More Fiction 440
Greek Thinkers 442
Talks in a Library 443
A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations 443
William Cullen Bryant 443
Wasps, Social and Solitary 444
Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality 444
Mediæval Civilization 445
The Forms of Public Address 445
Garden Colour 445

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 445

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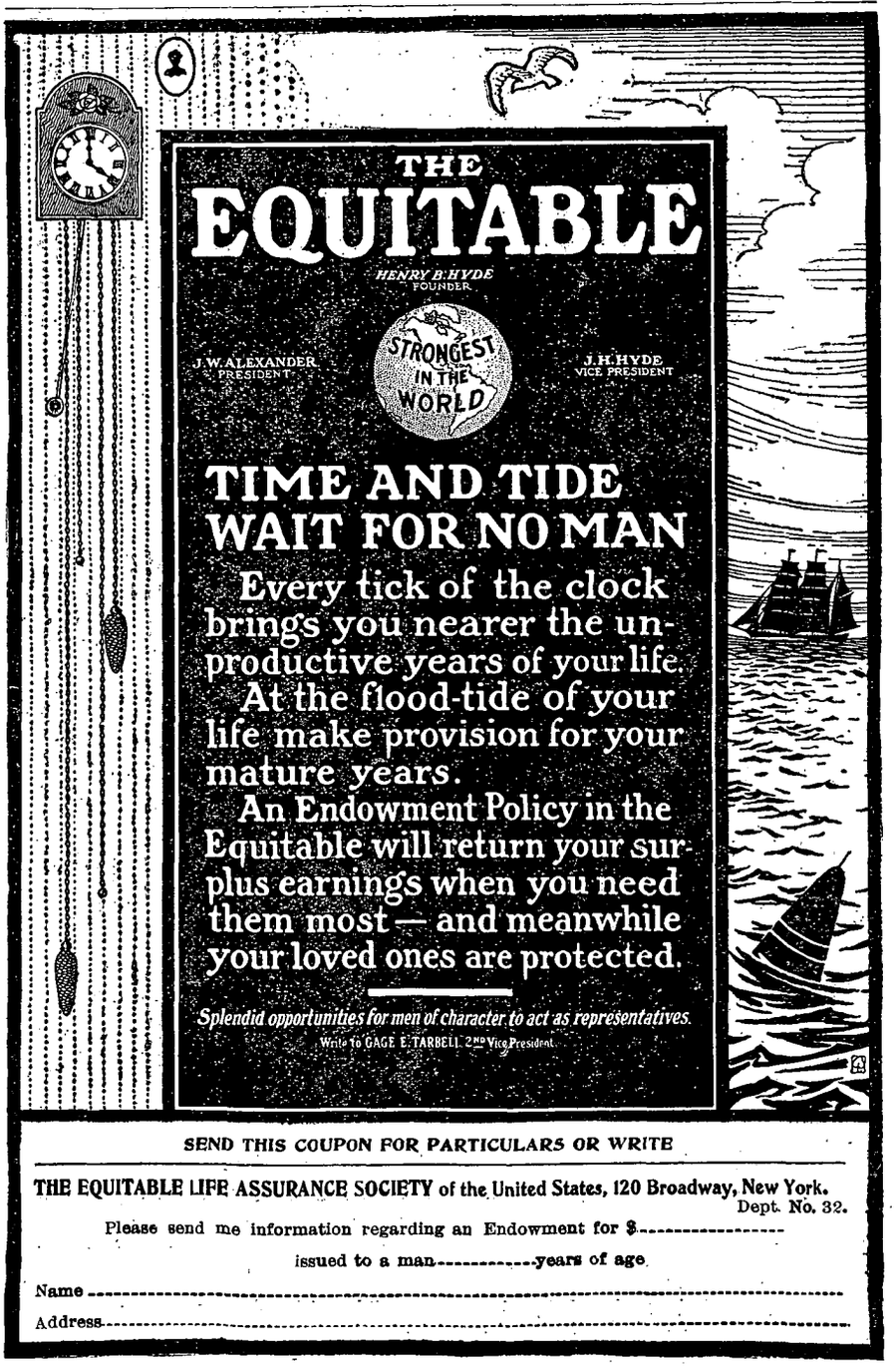
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

The Week.

Not the hideousness of war, the awful suffering and loss of life, the enormous waste of means available for human progress, is, we fear, uppermost in the minds of those who are reading of the great naval battle in the Straits of Korea. And, indeed, there is plenty of other food for moralizing in the virtually complete annihilation of the Russian fleet. Rozhestvensky's hazardous enterprise was, from the beginning, reasonable only so long as Port Arthur remained uncaptured. After that, national pride alone stood in the way of its recall. Defeat on the maritime side of the campaign should have been frankly accepted. The war is essentially a land war, especially for Russia, not a true maritime nation; and the power which retains possession of the land will by and by have its ships, if only for a summer port. Japan's task is incomplete if she does not strip Russia of all access to the Pacific; and, should hostilities continue, we do not doubt that Japan will undertake the reduction of Vladivostok as of Port Arthur. This coign of vantage once seized, she may forbear to exact an "indemnity" which she cannot collect. The full naval lesson of Saturday's engagement cannot be learned from the present meagre details. We can trust the Japanese to report their achievements, but not their losses. We are ignorant to what an extent the fate of the battleships was determined by long-range duelling or by torpedo assaults. In either case, the perfection of ironclads fared no better than the old wooden walls of Trafalgar and Mobile Bay. Nothing is clearer than that the pursuit of this mode of naval supremacy is one of the costliest follies in which nations can indulge. The gun, the mine, and the torpedo have doomed the ideal battleships of to-day; the dirigible balloon will soon round out the demonstration. This moral, however, will pass unheeded at Washington. On the question of strategy, those who blame Rozhestvensky may ask themselves what "world power" now envies him his opportunity for lost glory.

"Ohio Standing Pat" is an appropriate headline for the Ohio platform. On most vital topics the so-called declaration of principles is as non-committal as Vice-President Fairbanks himself. Every stump speaker in the campaign will find it easy to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. This bit on railway legislation, for example, ought to be equally pleasing to the labor unions, the railway managers, the farmers, and the Standard Oil Company:

> "We also endorse every effort for the active enforcement of existing laws to stop all unjust discriminations and special favors in the form of railway rebates, or by any other device, and we favor such further legislation on the subject, with adequate penalties, as may, after full investigation, seem to the Republican Congress and Administration wise and conservative, yet adequate to prevent unfair advantage to any, and to promote and insure the rights of all individuals, interests, and localities."

We refuse to believe that Secretary Taft is the author of this masterly effort to be all things to all men. On the tariff we have this delightful deliverance:

> "We stand by the principles of protection to American labor and American industries. . . . No step should be taken that may imperil or threaten our good times. All are consumers or producers, and must stand or fall together."

If this means anything, it means that Ohio Republicans accept as their spokesman Representative Charles H. Grosvenor, who is the very embodiment of bourbonism on the tariff. This platform is also another sign that President Roosevelt, if he urge tariff reform, must encounter the strongest kind of opposition within his own organization.

Secretary Taft's speech at the convention was in most respects an orthodox defence of the Administration. In general, Republicans are great and good, Democrats weak and wicked; Republicans propose wise and statesmanlike measures, Democrats oppose with folly and trickery. In particular, the railway rate bill is moderate in its provisions; and if Republicans do not redress grievances by rallying in support of it, the naughty William J. Bryan may lead a formidable movement for Government ownership. "The gobble-uns will git you if you don't watch out." The Monroe Doctrine, interpreted by Theodore Roosevelt, is—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—the great bulwark of the Republic. The man who lays his hand upon it, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward. The big stick is none too big, and the gentleman who carries it exercises "a degree of forbearance that the confidence of strength and a righteous purpose justify." He might, if he chose, be fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell; but really he isn't. When Secretary Taft came to the tariff on products from the Philippines, he dropped the smooth language of congratulation and laudation, denounced the high tariff wall between us and the islands, and asked that justice be done them. On the main tariff question, however, he was singularly non-committal. In order to make Government income meet the outlay, there must, he asserted, be either additional internal taxes or a revision of the tariff—"with every effort to cause the minimum of business disturbance." Which alternative he and the President favor, he did not reveal. This reticence falls in with the news from Washington that, after all, the President is lukewarm on the subject of tariff reform, and regards the railway-rate problem as far more pressing.

On the matter of tariff revision the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* has written a letter so remarkable in its implications that we marvel at the temerity of the Republican organ which prints it. "From an entirely new and unexpected source," says the *Tribune*, the President is assured of hearty support in scaling certain tariff schedules. The "ablest managers" of certain protected industries are now clamoring for reform. The reason is not, as one might suppose, that they want a small cut by the "friends of protection" in order to ward off a heavy slash by the enemies. That kind of life-preserver is not what they are looking for. No, they think that protection under the Dingley act is in some cases so high "as to induce inordinate competition." The result is that "large concerns, whose business is menaced by the continual organization of small competitors, are compelled to absorb the little fellows at extravagant valuations." That is, the tariff is so high as to defeat its real purpose. The true aim is to enable the "large concerns" to control the business; and when they find their supremacy threatened, they must juggle the schedules so as to crush their rivals. Otherwise, they are actually forced to "absorb the little fellows at an extravagant valuation." To subject the managers of a monopoly to such an inconvenience is an outrage. By all means allow them to write the law to suit themselves.

The decision handed down on Monday by the Supreme Court in the franchise tax cases will be greeted, and rightly, with profound popular approval. That it is good law the somewhat unusual spectacle of a unanimous bench will attest. That it is good policy, both from the standpoint of the public and ultimately from the standpoint of the public-service corporations, will become increasingly manifest. No more thorough vindication could be asked of the State's right to exact a just compensation from corporations which use a large portion of the public highways. Nor would these corporations have found their ultimate advantage in persistently dodging their fair contribution to the public treasury. The way in which for a long time they succeeded was peculiar. It was through an untoward accidental result of

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the decision of the Court of Appeals in the cases of the Union Trust Company and the Manhattan Railway. The outcome of this decision was that special franchises could not be assessed and taxed as personal estate. The simple remedy for this grave injustice was proposed by Senator John Ford in 1899 in a measure which classed special franchises as real estate. The law as originally passed was amended at a special session of the Legislature, which was called by Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor, on May 22, 1899. The amended act provided for the assessment of "the value of all franchises, rights, or permission to construct, maintain, or operate" surface, underground, and elevated railroads, or similar industries involving the use of the public highways, by a State board of tax commissioners. The main contention of the corporations before the Supreme Court was, that they already paid either a lump sum or an annual amount for their franchises, and that to impose in addition an annual tax was forcibly to augment the price at which they had contracted for these franchises. This allegation the Supreme Court would not allow. Despite the fact that the name "tax" had sometimes been loosely applied to the payments previously made by the corporations, the Court held that these payments were essentially a purchase price paid for valuable property, and that the payment of the purchase price outright or in instalments no more exempted the companies from the taxing power of the State than the purchase of land from the State in fee simple would exempt the owner from future taxation.

The Chicago express companies will have the support of public opinion in their refusal to take back the striking teamsters. These employees had no grievance; they were satisfied with their wages. They went out because they were required to make deliveries to houses which the Teamsters' Union had boycotted. This is the sympathetic strike in one of its most senseless and outrageous forms—futile and unprincipled. The sympathy of the public will be still further alienated by the fresh disclosures regarding the slugging committees in the pay of the union. Four of these hired thugs were arrested on Sunday; and three of them finally confessed that they had attempted to assault employees of Wells-Fargo. From these facts it is easy enough to see why the strikers are afraid of the militia. They want liberty to maim and kill the men who have taken the places they themselves deserted. Their trust is in violence.

To have a Mayor in the City Hall who will stand squarely for the interests of the people against the predatory politicians, is a novel experience for Philadelphia; and it must be confessed that Weaver's first two years in office gave small reason for hope that he would be the champion so sorely needed. But, having placed himself at the head of the embattled citizens, he has brought the machine to its knees, and forced the withdrawal of the swindling gas proposal. Under the rule of Israel Durham, Philadelphia has been about what Dr. Parkhurst has just called it, "the rottenest city in the United States." Long years of public lethargy have perhaps served a useful purpose in making the predatory gangs bolder and more shameless than in any other of our great cities, and hence easier to expose. It may be doubted if anywhere else at this time there could have been put forward with prospects of success such a proposal as that of the United Gas Improvement Company. It was open to no defence, however specious; any one with a pencil and paper could figure for himself in ten minutes what it would cost the city. And it appears that in the still larger issues on which the City party proposes to begin its fight, the facts are equally clear and unmistakable. If this gas lease is merely of a piece with the projected exploitation of the filtration plant, the electric-light merger, and the traction franchises which Ashbridge signed away gratis in the face of a $2,500,000 offer for the same rights, the opponents of the political-business machine will at least have no lack of arguments. Tactically, too, they will be in an unusually strong position. Under the terms of the existing agreement the city can resume control of the gas works if it chooses in 1908, and it is contended that the city never relinquished the right to take over private street-car lines at any time by eminent domain. Again, by a prompt response of the voters, there is a chance of defeating the "ripper" bill before it takes effect.

Gov. Douglas has courageously followed Gov. Bates's lead in vetoing a veterans' gratuity bill, just passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts. On being resubmitted, it failed to pass over his veto, and seems to be dead. This act, like its predecessor, sought to impose upon the State the obligation to pay to every veteran of the civil war, not a conscript or substitute or in receipt of a bounty, who served blamelessly for Massachusetts, the sum of $125. The bill carried an appropriation of $350,000 to meet the obligations it imposed. The Governor in his veto message declares that legislation of this character is unconstitutional, and backs his declaration by citing the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts last September, which held that the expenditure of money proposed in such an act was for a private and not a public use, and therefore not in conformity with the Constitution of the Commonwealth. In addition, Gov. Douglas points out that the amount appropriated to pay these gratuities is entirely inadequate, and insists that the legislation was not passed in good faith. In commenting upon this blocking of the old scheme by the Governor, the Boston *Transcript* says that he is right in supposing the $350,000 to be insufficient, and cites the experience of the Bounty Commission a few years ago: "When that commission was created, its legislative promoters said that it might have 150 claims to consider. They actually passed on several thousand." The Governor of Massachusetts is showing himself to be a man of true independence and courage, as backers of "strike" legislation are finding out, and his determination not to be a candidate for reëlection next fall will be generally regretted.

A somewhat important question in banking supervision arises in connection with the Merchants' Trust insolvency. Last week's statement by the Superintendent of Banking admitted that on examination two years ago he found the company practically insolvent. With a capital of $500,000, surplus of $1,000,000, and deposit liabilities of four to five millions, the company "had loaned upon and purchased securities to the amount of $4,000,000, which had no ready market value," besides guaranteeing other extensive and equally unmarketable loans. But Mr. Kilburn was convinced, he says, "that to put the trust company in the hands of a receiver at that time would necessarily result in throwing these securites on the market, and in an enormous loss to the trust company." This is doubtless true. To force a receivership in a panicky market, if the insolvency can be deferred, is manifestly unwise. The practice has often been, even when actual money advances from other institutions were involved, to "carry" such an institution over the panic period, and give it a fair chance to market its securities. But to permit an institution thus situated to go on with its business for two full years, receiving deposits from unsuspecting customers as if its solvency were unquestioned, raises a rather different issue. It is to the public that the Banking Department owes its first duty, and to prevent insolvent institutions from receiving the money of unwary depositors is certainly not the least of its obligations. The Merchants' Trust Company was not an important institution, and its troubles have produced no great effect on the financial situation. This hardly absolves the Banking Department from criticism, however; for small institutions may the more confidently be dealt with, so far as regards the consequences of announced insolvency, while, on the other hand, it is depositors in such small banks or trust

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companies who stand most in need of protection by the State.

The victory of *Atlantic* in the ocean yacht race is doubly welcome because it proves the speediness and handiness of that peculiarly American rig, the three-masted schooner. *Atlantic* is, we believe, practically the first attempt to produce a racing type from the three-masters, which have proved their value as cargo-carriers. Her success should have an appreciable influence upon the rig of sailing yachts of large tonnage. As for general lessons as to design, it is unlikely that the race will furnish any of a conclusive sort. The contestants represent so many types of hull and such varying size and rig, that one will hardly be able to apportion their relative credits to designer, rigger, and skipper. In fact, the interest of the race happily lies in untechnical matters. Everybody can enjoy the romance of a three-thousand-mile contest, with wind and wave primarily—for the contestants were rarely in sight of each other—and everybody can appreciate the stimulus that the ocean race will give to real yachting as distinguished from racing. Finally, the race is memorable if only because it marks a gracious overture from the Kaiser to American sportsmen.

The continuance of the deadlock in Hungary has had an unexpectedly sobering effect on the Austrian Reichsrat. The obstructionists have for the present desisted from their mob tactics, and for the first time in years the Lower House has seen a dignified and businesslike discussion of tariff matters. This apparent truce between Germans and Czechs, Feudalists and Liberals, Christian Socialists and Social Democrats, is the result of a tacit agreement to await developments in Hungary before deciding on a definite line of action. Each party hopes to profit by a weakening in the position of Francis Kossuth and his fellow-Independents; and Baron Gautsch, the new Austrian Premier, is taking advantage of the momentary era of good feeling to reorganize his Cabinet by parcelling out the portfolios, hitherto held by colorless officials, among recognized party leaders. All shades of political opinion are to be represented in his Ministry, with the probable exception of the Christian Socialists, if one may judge by the retirement of Herr von Wittek, the Minister of Railroads, who had the support of that party. It cannot be said that such a coalition Ministry is likely to command a safe working majority in the House. Baron Gautsch's previous experience as Premier, in 1897-98, has endeared him neither to the Germans nor to the Czechs, and no Parliamentary Ministry in Austria has ever had the confidence of Parliament. Nor is the outward peace between Germans and Czechs likely to continue, for the recent decision of the Vienna Imperial Court, reaffirming the legality of the Czech language in the German-speaking districts of Bohemia, has already stirred the German deputies from that province in the Reichsrat to angry protest.

The *Novoe Vremya*, in its issue of May 10, explains the functions of the new institution, "Zemsky Soviet," which was sanctioned by the Czar on May 20. The "Zemsky Soviet" constitutes the Lower House, and the Imperial Council, which is not interfered with by the Bouligin Commission, will continue as the Upper House. The members of the Zemsky Soviet will be chosen by the people. Its chairman will be appointed by his Imperial Majesty from the members. Beside the representatives of the people there will also be non-elective members, such as the ministers and chiefs of separate departments, or their authorized representatives. Their presence in the Soviet is necessary to elucidate the questions under consideration. The Soviet will have from 500 to 550 members, whose personal safety will be assured, so that all the political groups may take part in the sittings. The members are not to be paid, but living expenses to the amount of 15 rubles a day will be allowed. The members are chosen for a term of three years, and the sessions will last from the middle of November to the middle of January. The Zemsky Soviet, as the highest institution of the State, will have the right not only to consider projects for legislation introduced by the different ministries, but also to submit its own projects and to employ for that purpose separate committees from among its members, to discuss the revenue and expenditure of the Empire, the propositions of the Minister of Finance, and the budget of the Empire.

The Zemsky Soviet will also be privileged to question the ministers, who are, however, responsible only to the Emperor. Its members can also question the different ministries about policies, but not about individuals—a saving clause for the bureaucrats and the grand-ducal cabal. The Emperor may close the Zemsky Soviet whenever he wishes and order new elections. The projects which have been favorably passed on by the Zemsky Soviet have to be passed also in the Imperial Council to become valid. In the case of disagreement, the Emperor decides the question. The chief and most difficult problem is how the election of representatives should be conducted. Pending a final decision, it is considered best to employ the system now in force in municipal and zemstvo elections. The idea of universal suffrage was not feasible, as the masses are not deemed ripe for it, and, besides, it would be impossible to institute successfully such elections in certain border districts. It was also found inexpedient to hold the elections by manhood suffrage, as in this case the peasants would have the majority of representatives. Because of this, and because it is felt that all the estates should be duly represented somewhat in the order of their wealth and intelligence, the same system of election was adopted as the one heretofore employed at the municipal and zemstvo elections; and as the zemstvos are not established everywhere, it was decided to establish the above institutions before the election for the Zemsky Soviet. Already the preliminary steps to this end have been taken in Siberia, Poland, and the Baltic provinces. In Finland the elections will be conducted at present as those for the Diet.

The negotiations looking to a revision of the diplomatic service of Norway and Sweden have come to an *impasse* through the King's veto of the bill providing for separate Norwegian consuls. This action was a double rebuke to the movers of the act, for King Oscar terminated a temporary regency, due to ill health, in order that he might veto the bill in person. Immediately after this action, the Norwegian Ministry resigned, and for the moment the negotiations are arrested so far as Norway is concerned. While the general features of the dispute between the federated kingdoms are familiar, through the letters of Nansen and Bjornson on the Norwegian side, and of Sven Hedin on the Swedish, it will be well to distinguish the real cause of the controversy from its accidental expressions. From this point of view the campaign for a separate consular service for Norway is merely the readiest means of protesting against the preponderance of Sweden under the act of union. It chafes a Norwegian not to see his own flag flying over consulates abroad, and to feel that before other nations Norway has no standing except as represented by the wealthier partner, Sweden. Moreover, the commercial policy of Sweden differs from that of Norway. Sweden, with a protective tariff, has no desire to invite imports; Norway, as a free-trade nation deeply interested in shipping, is committed to quite the reverse policy. Thus a consular personnel chosen by Sweden is unacceptable to Norway, on both sentimental and practical grounds; and the fight has been made on this issue, because it combined an immediate desideratum with a general disclaimer of Sweden's diplomatic supremacy in the union. So the Norwegians have demanded nothing less than a separate consular service under a Norwegian Foreign Ministry, a pretension which is tantamount to the abrogation of the act of union.

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THE CUSTOMS ADMINISTRATION.

In England, customs duties originated as insurance premiums paid to the crown by foreign traders. In those days the alien merchant was not protected by the law of the land. He bought this personal security at a price from the King, and was thus exempt from violence while hawking his wares through the realm. Customs duties to-day resemble less an insurance premium than a penal fine. The importer of foreign merchandise is regarded by the customs officials as a traitor in disguise. The universal presumption of innocence of our common law can hardly be said to extend to him. He is regarded in some wise as no better than an adroit smuggler. The pawnbroker and the usurer are his brothers, and, if his business is not forbidden outright, it is still correct to say that "all the sanguinary laws of the customs" are directed against him.

It is doubtless true that there are many unscrupulous importers who, by undervaluations or otherwise, are ready to evade the duties lawfully due. With tariff rates as high as they are under the Dingley act, the premium on dishonesty is so great as to call into being a supply of just such dishonest importers. Jim Fiske's characterization of his father—"The old man wouldn't tell a lie for ninepence, but would tell eight of 'em for a dollar"—rested on keen insight into the weakness of some natures. It is not true that every man has his price, but it is true that the greater the law-created inducements to crime, the larger the number who will run the risk of the penitentiary. Fortunately, there is a much larger body of honest and upright importers. That these men should be subject to the pains and disabilities of the suspect is indeed hard, but it is nevertheless the case at present. Behind the relatively small body of importers stands the vast army of consumers. For the consumer's sake, if not for that of his advance agent, the importer, it might be supposed that the friction of importation, when once the legitimate duties were paid, would be reduced to a minimum.

On the contrary, the Treasury, in its administration of this office, impedes and obstructs the smooth working of importation. It goes far beyond the mere principle that the Government should be given the initial advantage in an actual case of doubt. It glowers with a hawk's eye at each bit of merchandise, always clapping on the maximum duty that the most casuistical interpretation of the law can be tortured into warranting. It creates petty annoyances. Its rulings and classifications are capricious, inconsistent, and non-uniform. Egged on by spies of particular protected industries and by fanatical idolaters of Dingleyism, the present Secretary of the Treasury usurps the powers of Congress, and, under pretence of delay and re-investigation of cases finally adjudicated in Federal courts of last resort, may even ruin the business of some industries on which he does not smile.

These charges are not made at random. Almost every importer could bear personal testimony to some one of the above counts. A few illustrative instances may be cited. Felt-covered piano hammers for a time were entered, and paid duty, as parts of musical instruments. Then some argus-eyed friend of domestic industry discovered that manufactures of felt were taxable at a higher rate, whereupon piano hammers were thereafter taxed as manufactures of felt. Another example of the purposive irritation fomented by the customs officials concerns baggage. Baggage consisting of clothing and personal belongings originally purchased by our own citizens in this country is sometimes delayed, and crosses the Canadian border, or even the Atlantic, a few hours or days behind the owner. The myrmidons of the customs have frequently made the attempt to collect duties on such belated baggage—in one case upon a watch left behind at a Canadian hotel by an American tourist; in another upon laundry work received too late from a London laundry to be personally brought in by the owner.

Irritating and exasperating as are these practices, they quite fade into insignificance in comparison with the greater vices of customs administration. These are inconsistent rulings, and what at its worst is nothing short of usurpation and tyranny. A good illustration of the former is furnished by the recent question of duties on scientific apparatus. On April 10 last, Prof. W. T. Councilman of the Harvard Medical School protested to Secretary Shaw against the payment of duty on a microscope held in the Boston custom-house. The instrument had paid duty on its original importation, and had been sent abroad for repairs that could be made only in Europe. The reply of the Treasury was that the law and rulings of the Department required the exaction of duty upon every subsequent re-importation of such appliances. Last week Secretary Shaw made public a ruling whereby astronomical apparatus to be taken abroad for observations should be exempt from duty on re-importation. That this latter decision is in the line of enlightened good sense is freely granted, but its legality is open to the gravest question. Moreover, such overturning of precedent makes uncertainty the only certain thing predictable of such rulings.

The gravest of recent customs misdemeanors, however, concerns the importation of steel strips manufactured into car springs by certain competitors of the Steel Trust. The regular rate of duty would be about 35 per cent. ad valorem. The suggestion having been made—it is alleged by the emissaries of the Trust—that the strips had undergone a process of finishing that would subject them to an additional duty of one cent a pound, the higher rate was immediately imposed. The importers, beginning in October, 1902, fought the decision before the General Appraisers, the Circuit Court, and, finally, the Circuit Court of Appeals. The last tribunal, *in re* U. S. versus the Crucible Steel Company, gave, on March 3, 1905, a unanimous decision in favor of the plaintiff's contentions. The Secretary of the Treasury thereupon, instead of refunding the illegally exacted duties and collecting the lower rate, coolly informed the plaintiff that, "in view of the incomplete record as to the commercial interpretation of the term 'steel cold rolled, smoothed only,'" it will be advisable to prepare "another case for trial." The outraged attorney for the importer levels this indictment at Secretary Shaw: "You have nullified the decision of the courts. This action of yours in this case is a serious menace to our Constitutional Government. It exhibits not only a disposition, but an ability, to disregard the law utterly, and to change it and administer it to suit your personal prejudices and political interests." This is undoubtedly contempt of Cabinet, but it seems fully warranted by the facts.

THE SEQUEL TO A RAILWAY QUARREL.

Announcement appears to have been made in Wall Street, in a more or less informal way, that the principals in the transcontinental railway dispute have "come together" and agreed not to fight one another with the weapons familiar in old-time railway contests—namely, invasion of one another's territory and traffic. Exactly how much or how little such an announcement means may best be understood by reviewing the extraordinary Northern Pacific contest, from its inception, early in 1901, to the present day. The beginning of this famous struggle is fresh enough in the recollections of the investing public. Mr. Hill had conceived the purpose of purchasing, for his own Great Northern Road and the friendly Northern Pacific, one of the so-called "granger" railways connecting the Eastern terminus of those lines with the populous Middle West. Efforts to get the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul having failed, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy's $110,000,000 stock was all bought up, payment being made through a $215,000,000 bond issue guaranteed by Great Northern and Northern Pacific. The Burlington lines, as it happened, were close competitors of the Union Pacific system, and the Union Pacific had requested to be allowed a share in control of

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the Burlington. This was refused; thereupon Union Pacific's owners, utilizing the very rare facilities of the money market, started in to wrest control of Northern Pacific itself from its existing owners. In this they really succeeded; the stock acquired in the open market amounted eventually to a clear majority.

What followed on the Stock Exchange is matter of history. The frantic bids of the rival interests against one another cornered Northern Pacific stock, drove its price to $1,000 per share, and, by the situation thus created, upset violently the whole market for other shares. A brief Stock Exchange panic ensued, first at New York and then at London; and so long as neither party would yield its position and surrender part of the cornered stock, a very grave menace to the investment situation necessarily continued. The solution sought, in the autumn of 1901, was the famous $400,000,000 merger, in which were placed the Union Pacific's $78,000,000 holdings of Northern Pacific stock, some $76,000,000 more owned by other interests, and $118,000,000 of Great Northern shares. The Federal Government's attack on the Northern Securities merger followed, and a year ago the Supreme Court finally ordered its dissolution.

Union Pacific, it will be remembered, thereupon claimed that precisely the shares deposited by it in the merger should be returned to it. Such return would, of course, have ensured its possession of the Northern Pacific property. In the suit brought for that purpose, Union Pacific's lawyers held that the $78,000,000 Northern Pacific shares had not been sold to the Northern Securities, but deposited in trust, and that dissolution of the trust should be followed by return of exactly the property deposited. This contention the Supreme Court rejected last February, declaring not only that the Northern Pacific stock had not been deposited in trust, but that return of it to the Union Pacific, a parallel and competing railway, would defeat the purpose of the decision against the merger. The Hill party thereupon carried out its plan of distributing Northern Securities assets, Northern Pacific and Great Northern stock alike, proportionately to the interest of each shareholder in the merger. Union Pacific, therefore, instead of its $78,000,000 Northern Pacific stock of 1901, received some $25,000,000 Great Northern stock and $32,000,000 Northern Pacific, the last-named sum being a clear minority.

The actual situation, then, since distribution of assets began a few weeks ago, is this: Union Pacific has been wholly defeated in the fight which it started in 1901. It has lost possession of the Northern Pacific, which was within its grasp four years ago; it has no more control over the Burlington than it had when the dispute began, and all that it has to show, as the outcome of the prolonged and expensive fight, is the fifty-odd million minority stock in the two railways now controlled by Mr. Hill, on whose boards, since the Northern Pacific meeting of March 18, Union Pacific is wholly unrepresented. It is not strange that this situation should have caused uneasiness as to possible retaliatory measures by the defeated interest, nor need there be much wonder at Wall Street's slightly skeptical attitude over the present announcement of mutual friendliness and harmony. Reasons against any outbreak of hostility, just now, are, however, strong enough to convince experienced observers that nothing of the sort will happen. If, as is probable enough, Union Pacific means to sell its minority holdings in these rival railways, it would hardly begin by depreciating their value. As for the Hill party, who hold possession already of all the spoils of war, it will not be imagined that they are seeking another fight. These facts considered, the vague announcement that an "understanding has been reached" scarcely surprised people conversant with the circumstances.

Perhaps a more formal compact may be made hereafter; at any rate, the situation is not very likely to remain exactly as just described. We imagine, however, that the nature of any binding agreement will depend on future rather than on past events. For one thing, the transcontinental railway ownership question is still in a somewhat delicate position. Mr. Hill has conformed to the letter of the law, by excluding directors from sitting on the boards of both his companies, and by lodging title to the two stocks with individuals, not with a corporation. Whether it would be quite easy to maintain this technical show of independence if a formal agreement should be made with a third transcontinental railway which controls a fourth, might be an awkward question.

COMMERCIALIZED COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

Mr. Henry Beach Needham, who writes in the current *McClure's Magazine* on "The College Athlete," is not the first investigator to discover that sport in our universities has become commercialized. For at least two decades, athletes have been hired directly or indirectly, have been offered "inducements" of various kinds, and recruited systematically from preparatory schools, as well as from various walks in life. While posing as saviours of the physique of the nation, playing for the love of the game and the college, these men have profited not a little "on the side" because of their prowess. They have had the "refusal" of an education at various "leading institutions," and occasionally have graduated before rising to the eminence and renown of the professional baseball player or football coach.

Mr. Needham has taken pains to collect a large number of instances of the commercial athlete, which together make an astounding showing, reflecting not merely on undergraduates and graduates, but on faculties and presidents as well. Princeton, Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Williams—not one of them but has experienced the evil results of the undue publicity given to undergraduate athletics, and of that desire to win at any cost which Mr. Needham finds to be one of the chief causes of the "grafting" and subsidizing so prevalent in our colleges. "We were all right in Pennsylvania two years ago," said a prominent alumnus to Mr. Needham, "but undergraduates and alumni felt that we had to do *as the other colleges were doing*. It is all summed up in these words: *'Couldn't stand losing.'*" For this feeling, more than one college president who believes in advertising his institution by its teams is largely responsible. They look on with indifference while recruiting sergeants visit the preparatory schools and begin the process of demoralizing athletes of value who must work their way through college. For these there are enticing offers of scholarships, odd jobs of every description, the managership of eating clubs or boarding-houses, the profits of score-card advertising, or what not.

The scandal of 1899 in connection with Sanford, Columbia's paid football coach, is almost forgotten, but Mr. Needham recalls it. In connection with the manager, this gentleman "induced" several stars to wear the Columbia uniform, in which they defeated Yale with ease. Subsequently, Columbia allowed a man to represent her who had previously played for Manhattan College in violation of eligibility rules. Harvard has just permitted the playing of a student who "by accident" twice figured on a score-card of a professional game under another name. He explains that he received no money for this service, which was merely to oblige friends, and that in each case he entered the game after the score-cards had been printed. Smith of Pennsylvania seems, however, to be the star "tramp athlete," for he played with Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania State in the same season. Lamson of Pennsylvania has worn the jerseys of Lafayette, Colorado College, and the Philadelphia institution. The Peddie Institute, a preparatory school, was last fall "robbed" of its best football player by Pennsylvania, according to an officer of the school, to whom the boy stated that he had been offered at Princeton a summer's board and tutoring. Penn-

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sylvania's offer was higher, and to make his educational path easy he was enrolled in the Dental School, which requires no entrance examinations, and was subsequently "transferred" without examination to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. This also contains a football player who could not pass the Cornell entrance examinations.

Summer ball-playing for board and lodging has found its victims at Brown as well as Harvard, and is a familiar story. A new method of commercializing athletes, however, is the employment of Hogan, last year's Yale captain, by the American Tobacco Company. Hogan entered college poor. He now lives in the best dormitory and takes his meals at the expensive University Club. He receives $100 a year, the income of the John Bennetto scholarship, and shares with two other athletes the profits arising from the sale of score-cards and the advertising thereon. But his main source of income is from acting as agent of the Tobacco Company. Here is the enlightening statement of an officer of the company:

"College men are great cigarette smokers. When they graduate they go to different parts of the country, carrying with them a taste for some brand of cigarettes. Naturally we want them to acquire a taste for our cigarettes, and to carry the taste to their friends at home. That is why we engaged Mr. Hogan. He is a popular fellow, well known—captain of this year's football team—and we picked him out as a good agent. He did get our cigarettes put on sale at 'Mory's.' But his efforts did not end there. He talks the cigarettes to his friends. They appreciate and like him; they realize he is a poor fellow, working his way through college, and they want to help him. so they buy our cigarettes, knowing that Hogan gets a commission on every box sold in New Haven."

This is a most sagacious Yankee scheme, with infinite chances of development. We suggest to President Hadley, however, that, inasmuch as the public is entitled to know just what businesses the players represent, they wear numbers, and be catalogued on the score-card as follows: 1. Smith, quarterback (Try Standard Oil's oil). 2. Brown, halfback (Use Sapolio after playing). 3. Jones, left guard (Pond's Extract best for bruises). 4. Hogan, tackle (Smoke Egyptian Deities). 5. Williams, centre (Read the *Daily Horror*), etc. The possibilities are infinite. We offer gratis to presidents in need of larger endowments the hint that the college rent each player to the advertiser making the highest bid.

That all athletes are now commercialized, it would be ridiculous to assert. But the contamination of a few such examples spreads. Athletic committees are afraid to defy the alumni who want to go wrong like other alumni. Presidents shirk their responsibility by leaving everything to the athletic committees. As a result the evil is, if anything, growing despite repeated exposures. Prof. Alfred H. Lloyd of the University of Michigan wrote recently: "Professionalism, in fact, if not in name, is constantly checking the real usefulness of all student activities, not merely of athletics. The social life is injured by it. The religious life is perverted and robbed by it." If this state of affairs is not soon taken in hand by faculties or college presidents, we shall be very much surprised.

ART PRICES AND ART VALUES.

Unquestionably, the gayest branch of the "Dismal Science" is that which deals with prices regulated by fashion or fancy. In fact, this whole class of values puts economic analysis to its trumps. One may say pretty definitely that the price of a bushel of wheat, for example, is essentially its value as food, plus or minus the difference caused by a shifting, and at times speculative, supply and demand; but what may one guess is the warrantable price of, say, the first purple carnation? The wide gap between art values and art prices was strikingly illustrated last week. We pass over the price of $81,375—paid on Friday for a Renaissance crystal cup of questioned authenticity — as inexplicable on any rational theory. A few days earlier, at Christie's, Thomas Watson's mezzotint after Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Lady Bamfylde" fetched $6,100. Thus a skilful black-and-white reproduction—of which many examples must be in existence—brought a price within which a careful buyer may get a very fair original of Sir Joshua. Or, to put the matter in another light, a day or two after the record sale of what at best was a clever bit of copyism, a fine example of that master of the brush, Chardin, sold at Paris for $5,500, while at the same sale a veritable Sir Joshua Reynolds brought only $2,640.

Now recall that for the price paid for this single reproductive engraving one could buy a score of the best engravings by Dürer, in the finest states, or a dozen of Rembrandt's finest etchings, an original by Watteau, a cabinet full of Hokusai's sketches and woodcuts—works of art far superior to, and of greater scarcity than, any translation of Reynolds by the cleverest wielder of the rocker and burnisher—and it will be clear that values, as perceived by artists and connoisseurs, by no means agree with the prices paid by collectors. To account for the discrepancy, many theories have been advanced, as that rarity is the principal criterion; but this is discredited in the case of the mezzotint engravers, whose works are far from rare. If only a few meritorious impressions were pulled from each plate, nearly all were promptly framed, and thus are preserved to this day. Of the small sheets of Dürer and Rembrandt, on the contrary, there has been unquestionably great loss and absolute destruction, so that no principle of rarity would justify a collector in preferring to theirs the work of such engravers as Raphael Smith, the Wards, Watson, or Valentine Green. But an even more convincing proof that rarity alone does not necessarily attract amateurs was found in the publication of a catalogue of "unique" books, by a London bookseller. If Mr. Voynich had believed that bibliophiles are attracted by mere rarity, he had only to put his *rarissima* (some scores of them there were) into the auction-room and retire immensely rich. As a matter of fact, he chose the wiser part of offering them by catalogue at very moderate prices.

If both absolute art value and rarity have rather little to do with price-making, we are reduced for an explanation to the madness that proverbially afflicts collectors, and to occult powers that set collecting fashions. That collectors are subject to malign lunary influence is beyond denial. A new Dibdin, for example, would find material for comment in the stewardship of a famous bibliophile, who, in the behoof of a local Y. M. C. A. library, became executor of a purveyor of the unrefined vaudeville of our fathers. Such books as that Y. M. C. A. library possessed would move a Locker-Lampson to verse, and possibly a revivalist to tears. The Bibles, in St. Jerome's Latin mostly, were from the early presses of Cologne, Strassburg, Venice, and Paris. Books of Hours and Chorals there were, both printed and cunningly engrossed and illuminated by hand. The youthful Christians were invited to read Dante in the superb edition which Botticelli or a pupil illustrated; to peruse Chaucer in black-letter. Thus, through the mediation of a bibliophile *pur sang*, the moneys proceeding from the shapeliness of a Lydia Thompson in "Black Crook" days were converted ultimately into grave divinity, and deposited on the shelves of a Young Men's Christian Association. From this pardonable digression we wish to extract the lesson merely that nothing a collector does is surprising, and that his infatuation lays him open to all manner of hypnotic suggestion, including autohypnosis.

Whoever studies fashions of any sort is sooner or later driven to take counsel of tailors. Somewhere or other there is a high tribunal which decides whether our pockets shall open inside or out, shall be few or many, whether our trousers shall favor the ankle, the knee, or the thigh, and a hundred other niceties necessarily obscure to the layman. And sometimes we are prone to imagine that somewhere or other there is a committee of art dealers which convenes and lays out the fashion for the next decade. One may fancy that, just as the humbler sort of tailors accept the ordinances imposed from above, concerning tape and trimmings, so the smaller art dealers chime in with a central authority when it whis-

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pers now, "Sell Barbizon," and again, "Play Early English." But, of course, if it were not for human vanity the high court of tailordom would sit in vain, and if there were not an enormous number of collectors more enthusiastic than well informed, these passwords of the dealers would fall idly on the air, and the absurd prices produced by reckless competition in objects approved as the latest fashion would yield to an appraisal based, in part at least, upon permanent art values.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS IN THE ÆGEAN.

ATHENS, May 6, 1905.

The International Congress of Archæologists, which closed three weeks ago, was followed by two excursions, one to the sites of excavations on the mainland, the other to those on the islands of the Ægean and on the coast of Asia Minor. The second excursion, in which alone I shared, came to an end yesterday, and was of such extraordinary interest as to seem worthy of public notice.

The party consisted of one hundred and thirteen, representing most of the countries of Europe as well as America. It was quartered upon two small Greek steamers having many good qualities, but cleanliness was not one of these. The expedition was conducted by Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld, whose supreme ability and tact were never better displayed. Our first visit was to Delos, the sanctuary of Apollo and for a time the seat of the treasury of the Delian Confederacy. The French excavation of this site is not yet completed; most of the finds have been placed in a museum on the neighboring island of Mykonos, but a building is now in course of erection at Delos where they will eventually be kept. The appearance and height of Mt. Kynthos are decidedly disappointing. The remains of the theatre gave Professor Dörpfeld an opportunity to discuss his theory of the Greek stage, which he advocated with his well-known clearness and skill.

After this day there followed a glorious sail among the Cyclades, to the island of Melos, where we landed to view the excavations conducted by the English at Phylakopi. Here have been traced the foundations of a prehistoric city surrounded by cyclopean walls and containing a palace of the Mycenæan period. The next morning we saw the sun rise from the harbor of Santorin, the ancient Thera. Of all the islands this proved to be the most unique and picturesque. The harbor is the sunken crater of an old volcano, of which the present island and the two small neighboring ones, Therasia and Aspronisi, are the rim. Thera has been the special study of Freiherr Hiller von Gärtringen, who has endeared himself to the inhabitants by his kindness and benefactions. The whole island was astir with interest and enthusiasm, and everywhere "the King of Thera" was greeted with speeches of welcome, and walked on ways strewn with roses and under triumphal arches. His fellow-passengers shared in the welcome, and received unbounded hospitality. Under his guidance we were conducted through the ancient city, excavated by him in 1895-1902. The results of these excavations are published in a recent work, and are extremely interesting to the student of ancient Greek life. A museum in the modern city of Thera contains many objects of archæological curiosity.

Our next stay was at Crete. The insurrection, of which your readers have heard so much, was nowhere in evidence, although we visited four points on the island. The first object of attention was the museum at Candia, in which are stored the remarkable finds of the various sites of excavation. The beauty and interest of these objects are surprising, and indicate a high stage of culture at the early period to which they are ascribed. It would take a volume to describe these remains, and I can single out for mention only the fresco paintings and pre-Mycenæan vases (the so-called Kamáres ware) as of special interest. An hour's ride from Candia brings one to Knossos, where we were welcomed by Mr. Arthur Evans, who was at work with a large force on his excavations. That very afternoon—as if, he said, to do honor to the Congress—an ancient stairway lying some ten feet below the surface appeared for the first time in many centuries. It evidently belonged to some important complex of buildings, now in process of excavation. The extreme thoroughness and care with which the digging at Knossos has been conducted were a theme of general comment. Under the guidance of Mr. Evans the portion of the company understanding English were conducted through the Mycenæan palace, while the Germans were guided by Dr. Dörpfeld, and still another section followed a French scholar. Mr. Evans pointed out that this palace was built on the site of successive settlements, going back possibly 10,000 years, and that it was probably destroyed by fire about 1500 B. C. One shaft showed deposits thirty-five feet in depth. An English tea served in the shade of an olive grove refreshed the company not a little.

The following day we made a brief visit to Gournia, the site of the labors of our dauntless American archæologist, Miss Harriet Boyd. Here we saw walls of prehistoric houses and of a small palace, which Miss Boyd thinks older than the Mycenæan period. We tried to land at Palaikastro, the site of excavations conducted by the British School at Athens, but the high sea came near upsetting one boat, and prevented many from making the attempt. Phaistos was in some respects even more interesting than Knossos. Its situation is wonderfully beautiful. The Italians have done the work here in a most admirable manner. Two building periods are clearly visible; an older palace lying under the remains of a younger one. From the ruins of this palace one receives the impression of a lordly mansion, fitted up with luxurious appointments. Particularly impressive is the series of steps, leading to a large open court, which may have served as a place of exhibition or a *theatron*. A light and hard limestone, called alabaster stone, and quarried in Crete, was used abundantly in the construction of this palace.

We next sailed to Cnidos and had glorious views of Rhodes and other islands. Cnidos is still virgin soil for explorers. It was easy to trace the walls of the ancient city, running from the summit of the cliff to the sea. A well-built exedra, a large theatre, the moles of the two harbors, one facing north and the other south, and numerous foundations made the archæologists of our party eager for the chance to put pick and spade into this promising ground. Two houses of Turks alone occupy the site of this once-flourishing city, for whose inhabitants Praxiteles made his famous Aphrodite.

The next day saw us at Cos, an attractive island by reason of its fertility and beautiful outlines. It was in ancient times a second Epidaurus and the home of famous physicians. It enjoyed its greatest prosperity under the Ptolemys. The beauty of the island is celebrated by Theocritus, and a poem of Herondas speaks of statues which once stood on bases near the temple of Asclepius. Possibly, a statue of a half-nude Aphrodite by Praxiteles stood in the precinct of the Asclepieum, and it is quite certain that this temple possessed a painting of Aphrodite Anadyomenos by Apelles. This ancient sanitarium flourished after the beginning of our era. The ruins of a fountain house built by Nero are still to be seen.

Our next point of attack was Didyma, the seat of the great Apollo temple. Our path led over the sacred way from Panormos, once lined with statues, some of which are now in the British Museum. Two lofty columns with a piece of the architrave resting upon them, with many fragments and foundations, mark the site of the great temple. Much of the excavation remains to be done. The wish was expressed by several scholars of different nationalities that some American Crœsus would furnish the means to complete what promises such an abundant reward.

The following day was the Greek Easter. We landed at the site of ancient Samos to examine the few remains of the old city and to see the aqueduct constructed by Polycrates. We went also across the bay to the ancient Heræum, a solitary ruin, close to the sea, of which only a single column and foundations remain. In the afternoon we were received by the Prince of Samos, who, though an appointee of the Sultan, is a Greek, and holds practically an independent position.

Monday, May 1st, was spent at Ephesus. A more melancholy ruin than that of this once flourishing city it would be difficult to imagine. The ancient harbor is a morass. The whole site is marshy, and the unusual amount of rain that has fallen this year has flooded many of the ruins. Blocks of marble were scattered over the entire length of the street (about 600 metres) from the old harbor to the Agora. Ruins of probably the oldest church edifice remain *in situ*. It was built of brick, and, from an inscription, it seems to have been dedicated to the Virgin Mary. In this church were held the two councils of Ephesus. The best preserved of the ancient buildings is the library, which had a handsome façade and a grand stairway leading up to it. Thirty niches for shelves are seen, which could hold 24,000 rolls of parchment. These ruins were explained to us by Professor Heberdey, who has had charge of the work for the Austrian Government. Later in the day a number of the party walked to the Artemisium, situated about a mile and a half northeast of the city. The excavation of this great temple is still in progress, and its exact dimensions are not yet accurately determined. The foundations are under water, and it is a difficult

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task to make trenches and to lay bare the ancient structure. Whether the work is really worth doing, is a question that suggests itself, in view of the magnitude and expense of the undertaking.

The next day was given to Pergamon, where the Germans, under the effective leadership of Dörpfeld, are still digging. As one clambers about the stupendous ruins of the city, one wonders why it was ever built so far inland, on such a steep height, and on a site requiring such an enormous outlay. Of special interest here are the theatre and the great altar of Zeus, supposed to be referred to as "the throne of Satan" in the Book of Revelation. From this altar were taken the great slabs of the frieze, representing the contest of gods and giants, now in the Berlin Museum.

The last day but one of this interesting tour was devoted to "Troy divine." The hill on which the city was built occupies a commanding position between the Simois and the Scamander. The plain is surprisingly fertile, and beautiful, many oak trees dotting its surface. Far in the background looms up Mt. Ida, with snow-capped summit. With consummate skill, Dr. Dörpfeld explained the labyrinth of walls and complex strata of débris, and pointed out the nine layers of ruins that succeed one another and testify to successive periods of occupation. All scholars know that Schliemann was misled in placing the Homeric city in the second stratum, and that it is the sixth from the bottom that belongs to the Mycenæan period. Most impressive is the great wall, with its gates, which surrounded and guarded the city of Priam. As we stood on the ruins of the huge tower that defended the entrance at the northeast, and as we overlooked the plain, the old story of the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector gained new meaning, and became a vivid reality.

The next day, on board the *Antigone*, Professor Dörpfeld instructed us with his theory of the composition of the Odyssey, but the length of this letter forbids my giving any account of it now.

M. L. D'OOGE.

COUNT LAVALETTE'S MEMOIRS.—II.

PARIS, May 15, 1905.

Lavalette filled the office of Director of the Post-Office during the period of the Empire. He had been made a Count, a Councillor of State. He organized the difficult service of the post at a time when the limits of France extended to the Rhine, to the two peninsulas of Spain and Italy, and armies were kept all over Europe; he became, so to speak, the centre of a perpetual movement between all parts of the Empire.

The events of 1814 put an end for a time to his public career. When he heard the news of Napoleon's return from the Island of Elba and of the departure of Louis XVIII., he went to the General Post-Office and resumed almost naturally his functions; he awaited Napoleon's arrival at the Tuileries.

"I found, towards eleven o'clock, an order to go to the Tuileries. I saw there the former ministers and the Emperor in the midst of them, speaking quietly of administrative matters as if it had been ten years before. He came out of his bath wearing his undress uniform. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of all those persons who had so long worked under him, contributed to efface completely from my mind the family of the Bourbons and their one year's reign. On one of the pieces in the apartment were placed, without any order, the marble busts of Louis XVI., of the Dauphin, the father of the present princes, and of a few princesses. These busts were removed the next day."

When Napoleon saw Lavalette he went to him, pinched his ear, which was the mark of his greatest favor, and offered him the Ministry of the Interior. Lavalette declined it, and asked to be simply appointed Director of the Post, where he thought he could be more useful. "Well," said Napoleon, "I will take Carnot." The Emperor, Lavalette says, made a good choice; Carnot was a patriot and an honest man. Molé was introduced; he refused the Foreign Office and likewise returned to his post of the Ponts-et-Chaussées. The Emperor placed Fouché at the head of the police, though he had not much confidence in him.

"One evening," writes Lavalette, "everybody was gone when the Emperor entered with Fouché a room next the one in which I was. The door was not quite shut; they both walked and talked quietly together. I was much surprised after some time to hear the Emperor tell him: 'You are a traitor. Why do you remain Minister of Police if you want to betray me?' I did not hear Fouché's answer, but the conversation lasted a half-hour more, both men continuing to pace up and down. . . . The next day Napoleon spoke to me of this conversation. 'I suspected,' said he, 'that the wretch [*le misérable*] was in correspondence with Vienna. I had ordered the arrest of a banker's clerk who was coming from that city; he confessed having brought to Fouché a letter from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent on a given day to Bâle.'"

Fouché, with some reluctance, confessed that he had actually received a letter, but denied that it was signed. He was certainly in correspondence with Vienna; he was preparing for any emergency. Napoleon knew it, but he found it more convenient to watch him than to dismiss him.

The day after Napoleon's arrival from Waterloo, Lavalette went to the Élysée. The Emperor received him with a sort of hysterical laughter, and, after he had recovered his presence of mind, asked what was going on in the Chamber of Deputies. Lavalette did not conceal from him the fact that the majority were determined to ask for his abdication, and, if necessary, to impose it. "Why," said he, "don't they take measures against the enemy? He will be here within a week. Alas! I have accustomed them to such great victories they cannot bear one day of misfortune. What will become of poor France? I have done for her all that I could." After the abdication, the Emperor retired to Malmaison and presently left France. A few days after his departure, Lavalette was informed that a list of proscripts was being made by Talleyrand and Fouché. On the 18th of July, he was arrested—the same day as Labédoyère. He was sent to the Conciergerie, which received a few weeks afterwards Marshal Ney. He was accused of having entered into a plot during Napoleon's stay at Elba, using the facilities which he found in the Post-Office, of which he had been so long the Director; of having resumed his functions in the Post-Office on his own authority, and employed them in favor of Napoleon while the latter was on his way to Paris. The jury pronounced affirmatively on these two questions: Is the accused guilty of conspiracy? Is he guilty of usurpation of power? The verdict had for its necessary consequence a condemnation to capital punishment.

Madame de Lavalette asked the King for an audience, which was granted her as a special favor; the like had not been conceded to Madame de Labédoyère or to Madame Ney. She was conducted before the King by the Duke de Duras, and fell on her knees before the Sovereign, who merely said to her: "Madame, I have received you in token of my interest." No more was said; she was the daughter of an *émigré*, and it was generally thought that this audience implied a pardon. Madame de Lavalette was born in 1780. Her maiden name was Louise Émilie de Beauharnais. Her father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, represented the elder branch of the family. He had a brother Alexandre, who was married to Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie. During the Revolution the Marquis emigrated and joined at Coblentz the army of the Princes. His wife was arrested and remained two years in prison. The young Émilie had been left in care of a governess. Napoleon afterwards arranged the marriage between her and his aide-de-camp Lavalette, while she was still in the *pension* of Madame Campan. Lavalette saw her but little during the early days of his married life, as he could not often leave the army. When Josephine became Empress, Madame de Lavalette became one of the *dames du palais*. She did not much like her functions, and, after the divorce and the Emperor's marriage with Marie-Louise, she seized the opportunity to regain her liberty. From that time she was but little seen at the Tuileries, and lived almost in retirement.

The Court of Cassation rejected Lavalette's appeal, and the day of the execution approached. On the eve of it the Countess Lavalette was admitted to the prison. She wore an ample gown lined with fur, which she usually wore when she went to a ball; she had a bag, in which she had placed a black silk petticoat. When she saw her husband, she told him that all was lost, that he could hope for no reprieve or pardon, and that it only remained for him to take flight in disguise. She showed him the clothes she had brought; a *chaise à porteurs* was at the door of the prison, a carriage was waiting on the quay; a safe retreat had been prepared for him. Lavalette had prepared himself to die, and refused his wife's offer. He was afraid of being arrested in woman's costume, thus adding ridicule to the tragedy of his death. His wife insisted, and in the end he yielded. She dressed him, put her own hat on his head, and rang for the porter; Lavalette left his cell, followed by his wife's servant and her daughter. Nobody interfered with this group of women, apparently overpowered with sorrow; the soldiers on guard at the door saw them go by. Lavalette entered the sedan-chair, and soon after went off in a cab.

The escape took place on the 23d of December, and Lavalette remained in concealment in Paris till the 10th of January. By a singular favor of fortune, he found an asylum, where nobody could think of looking for him; in the Ministry of the Foreign Office, which was then occupied by the Duke de

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Richelieu. One of the employees of the ministry was M. Bresson. He had been a Deputy in the Convention, had voted against the execution of Louis XVI., and been proscribed; had found, with his wife, an asylum in the Vosges, in a family with whom he remained concealed for two years. Madame de Lavalette addressed herself to her, and, though she did not know Lavalette, she offered to give him a room in the Ministry. Her husband was absent at the time, but she did not doubt that he would approve her conduct. On his return Bresson entered willingly into her views. It was arranged among them all that Lavalette should pass for a new valet. Meanwhile, Madame de Lavalette was kept as a prisoner and treated with great severity, all the more because her conduct had given her great popularity.

The police made active search for her husband, who felt that he could not remain very long where he was, and determined to leave France if he could. The Princess of Vaudémont, his great friend, found in the circle of Madame de Saint-Aignan two Englishmen, a Mr. Bruce and General Wilson, who consented to help him out of the country. Wilson had already tried unsucessfully to save Marshal Ney; he was more fortunate with Lavalette. The route to Belgium through Valenciennes was selected. Lavalette was dressed like an English officer; he left his hosts on the 9th of January, 1816. There was no incident on the journey. The frontier having been crossed, Lavalette set out for Worms and Bavaria. He established himself in Munich, under a false name for a time, and afterwards stayed at Augsburg.

Madame de Lavalette, the heroine of this dramatic escape, was kept in prison for six weeks. When she was set free, the excitement she had experienced threw her into a state of profound melancholy, which soon took the form of a mental malady. She recovered after a while, but had a relapse, and when her husband returned to France, after six years of proscription, he would never again take her into society. They lived in great seclusion. By degrees she lost her mind completely, and he had no other consolation, he says himself, than to collect his memories of a great epoch and of a great man.

Correspondence.

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on "The Senatorial Primary" in your issue of March 2, you overlook the State which was the pioneer in providing legally for popular participation in the choice of Senators. Just thirty years ago the present Constitution of Nebraska was framed with an article, separately submitted and adopted, expressly authorizing the voters to express their preference for Senatorial candidates. The privilege has been exercised repeatedly on a large scale. Thousands of electors cast their ballots for General Van Wyck as a candidate for Senator in 1886, for Mr. Bryan in 1894, and for (then) Congressman Burkett in 1904. The last named had also been nominated by the State convention of the dominant party, and his election as Senator was registered by the Legislature with hardly more of an interruption of routine business than you describe as having occurred in South Carolina two years ago. The Constitution of the latter State, by the way, proclaimed in 1896, contains a provision similar to the Nebraska clause; and in a paper read before the Nebraska State Historical Society and published in the Annals of the American Academy for May, 1900, the writer presented the results of a comparative study of State Constitutions, disclosing that South Carolina alone had borrowed the idea from Nebraska, and that it was original with the latter. The nomination of Senatorial candidates by party conventions, however, had been employed in Illinois, as in the case of John M. Palmer in 1890, while the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate of 1858 had brought the choice of Senators there directly, though informally, to the people at an early day.

You say that "so long as the Senate itself opposes it, a Constitutional amendment is out of the question." But why "out of the question" when the Constitution (Art. V.) makes it mandatory that "the Congress, . . . on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments which . . . shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as parts of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States or by conventions in three-fourths thereof"? Again, you say that "the agitation for a change in the organic law is practically hopeless." But why hopeless, when the Legislatures of no less than thirteen States have made this prescribed "application," while those of nine more have passed resolutions to the same end?

Had the movement been properly directed from the beginning, so that these resolutions had been made formal "applications," action would now be lacking on the part of but eight State Legislatures (which ought to be secured in a single winter) in order to require Congress to move. Much may be hoped for from the direct primary in bringing the Senate closer to the people; but would it not be wise for great moulders of public opinion like the *Nation* to endeavor to direct the movement for a Constitutional change and lead to a speedy and successful issue?

CHARLES S. LOBINGIER.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, MANILA, P. I.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct a mistake which has found its way into your report about the exchange of teachers between the French and Prussian Governments.

Rossleben, for which the latter Government has obtained the services of a graduate from France, is situated not on the Franco-German border, but in the Prussian province of Saxony. The Rossleben Klosterschule, founded in 1554, is an institution similar to the *Fürstenschulen* at Pforta and Meissen.

J. H. S.

BERKELEY, CAL., May 22, 1905.

Notes.

The issuance in June of 'Provincial America,' by Prof. Evarts B. Greene of the Illinois State University, as a separate sixth volume in Prof. A. B. Hart's "The American Nation" (Harpers), marks a departure from the first procedure, when five volumes were brought out at once. Hereafter the work becomes, in a way, a monthly periodical.

'The Art of the National Gallery,' by Mrs. Daniel D. Addison, to be published next fall by George Bell & Sons, London, will have for its American imprint the firm name of L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

It is five years since we noticed Prof. Wilbur L. Cross's 'Development of the English Novel' (Macmillan). Meanwhile it has undergone six impressions, inclusive of the one before us. This shows that it is readable, as well as suitable for a text-book and for a book of reference. The index embraces the titles of novels commented on, along with authors and general subjects; the bibliographical notices furnish a handy conspectus.

The "Biographical Edition" of Robert Louis Stevenson's Works is tasteful in form, decently printed in large type, and more weighty in the hand than one would expect from its convenient size. The two volumes before us are 'Kidnapped' and the 'New Arabian Nights.' Mrs. Stevenson's brief introductions furnish many interesting particulars as to the occasions of writing and the use of sources; but one might wish for more dates, or indeed for any.

Dr. Horace N. Allen, who, after a long and successful career as minister of the United States to Korea, retires, to make way for the new appointee, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, has republished his two books 'Korean Tales,' long out of print, and 'A Chronological Index' in one volume, entitled 'Korea: Fancy and Fact' (Seul: Methodist Publishing House). To the two descriptive articles and the seven bits of folk-lore—the largest collection in English—Dr. Allen has added foot-notes drawn from his maturer study. For example, he considers that, instead of sixteen, Korea has but eight million people. In the second and larger part, he has brought the record of events to 1904, added lists of consular and diplomatic representatives, treaties and agreements, decorations, a bibliography of works on Korea, and an alphabetical index, making a hand-book of value.

Volume 5 of Dr. Thwaites's Journals of Lewis and Clark finds the expedition moving eastward, still hungry, food being scarce, and more ready to eat horsebeef than the Indians, who did not object to the taste, but had a sentimental feeling for the animal. Lewis treats them medicinally to general advantage; observes that some Indians clearly would have been bearded if they had not resorted to deracination; makes a "Digest" of Indians seen or heard of west of the Rockies, and reckons them at sixty to seventy thousand. The Bitter Root Mountains in May were still impassable with snow. On July 3, 1806, Lewis and Clark part company for reasons of transportation, to reunite later, but not till after the fatal encounter (July 27) of Lewis with thievish Minnitarees, which bred a legacy of bad blood for years to come. The narrative breaks off at September 26. There are few facsimiles from the MSS.

The second volume of Chancellor and

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Hewes's 'The United States: A History of Three Centuries' (Putnams) does not evoke a judgment materially different from that pronounced on its predecessor. There is the same superficial treatment, the same apparent reliance on miscellaneous secondary authorities, the same jaunty and inflated style, and the same errancy. The period covered, 1698 to 1774, is of course one of fundamental importance, and one to whose better understanding there is need of substantial contribution; but we cannot discover that the authors have done more than scratch the surface of the field, while of new material there is none. For example, the chapters which deal with the history of the individual colonies offer little more than lists of governors and of a few well-known incidents, strung together without other than chronological connection, while those on the causes of the Revolution are not likely to help the reader to understand what the Revolution was all about. The sections relating to social and industrial conditions, presumably the work of Mr. Hewes, are more informing, but even here the "scrappy" character of the material, the lack of dates, and the frequent repetition or overlapping make the course of development hard to follow. It is to be regretted that a work so attractively got up should thus far exhibit so slight intrinsic merit of either substance or form.

To the Old English texts in the "Belles-Lettres Series" (D. C. Heath & Co.) have been added 'The Gospel of St. Matthew' and 'The Gospel of St. John,' edited by Prof. J. W. Bright, who has already edited the Old English version of Luke for the Clarendon Press (1893). The present volumes are neatly and attractively printed, of handy size, and inexpensive. The texts and variant readings are based upon a collation of Skeat's edition with the original manuscripts. 'The Gospel of St. John' contains a concise but full account of the extant manuscripts of the West-Saxon gospels, a statement of the arguments for and against a plurality of translators, a reprint of the "Lakelands fragment" discovered by Napier, notes (chiefly devoted to assembling the renderings of passages from John found in other Old English works), and an exhaustive glossary, contributed by Prof. L. M. Harris. 'The Gospel of St. Matthew' is issued without introduction, notes, or glossary, but most of the questions relating to all four gospels are treated of in the introduction to the other text. As the editor points out, these versions of the gospels antedate the Wyclifite Bible by four centuries, and are a subject of fruitful study to the student of English and to the student of Scripture.

Out of the fulness of his experience Mr. Eustace Miles, an English ex-champion at tennis and the like, and a creditable teacher at Cambridge, has prepared 'A Boy's Control and Self-Expression' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) to set forth the training that would better prevent the moral and physical errors into which boys are most liable to fall. Unfortunately, this requires nearly six hundred pages. His very laudable motive is to lead a boy to maintain purity of body and mind, without interfering with his physical or mental vigor and elasticity, or rendering him abnormally self-conscious. His doctrine is a combination of what is known as "The New Thought" (although he does not so designate it), the substitution of a fleshless (not a vegetarian) diet for the more stimulating one of abundant meat, a general adhesion to the theory of high and troublesome vascular tension as depending upon uric acid in the circulation, and a special advocacy of complete mastication, deep breathing, abundant light and fresh air, combined with regular and interesting occupation, although he does not insist too much on the occupation being interesting. Mr. Miles carries on a strenuous warfare against the flesh and the devil, and most boys and young men would be happier in following his general example, whether his hypotheses are to be accepted or not. One may doubt, for instance, whether a complex secretion once formed is liable to be reabsorbed; and it may be that a man who has made a hundred versions of the Lord's Prayer (p. 82), none of which is satisfactory to him now, will very greatly modify his views at large ten years hence.

In the beautifully printed work 'Orchidaceæ: Illustrations and Studies of the Family Orchidaceæ, Issuing from the Ames Botanical Laboratory, North Easton, Mass.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. Oakes Ames presents the first fascicle of a serial devoted to the illustration of some of the rarer and imperfectly known species of orchids. For a good many years Mr. Ames has given attention to this striking order of plants. Besides keeping a large number of the finer sorts under successful cultivation, he has undertaken their hybridization, with fruitful results. A few years ago he established at his home a laboratory for research along botanical lines. It possesses a copious library and a growing herbarium. The present volume gives in a permanent form some of the more important discoveries made by Mr. Ames in regard to certain orchids. It is enriched by illustrations, made by Mrs. Oakes Ames, to which special attention should be called for their fidelity and spirit. The drawings upon which the heliotype reproductions are based, are among the most satisfactory botanical sketches known, and easily take place in the first rank. The volume is a valuable and interesting contribution to the knowledge of a part of one of the most attractive orders of flowering plants.

Mr. David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I., brings his painstaking work on 'The Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.' nearly to a conclusion with Parts 9 and 10. With Part 11, including additions, corrections, and index, the enterprise will be terminated in two volumes, for want of adequate support of its continuance. The two parts before us deal with Davis, Dow, Eaton, Hoyt, Martin, Merrill, and Morrill; Morrill will proceed in the final part, and Wells be added. This is a genealogical work of first-rate excellence in presentation, and it is printed with an elegance not always correlated with intrinsic literary or scholarly work.

The Royal Society of the Antiquaries of Ireland have just put out the sixth number of their Antiquarian Handbook Series (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.). During the last ten years they have organized excursions by sea to parts of the Irish shore and the north and west of Scotland. In connection with these, guides have been prepared, and reproduced later as antiquarian handbooks. The present volume relates to a cruise undertaken in the summer of last year round the northern, western, and southern coasts of Ireland and the adjoining islands. It is divided into nine sections, made up of papers by well-known archæologists, on the chief points of interest. The greater number are by Mr. Thomas Johnson Westropp, M.R.I.A. He deals in turn with Tory Island (County Donegal), one of the first stopping-places of the party, with the coast and islands of County Mayo and County Galway, with the coast of Clare and Kerry, and, last but not least, with St. Michael's Rock and the remote and inaccessible Skelligs. Other contributors are Mr. John Cook, who describes Inismurray, County Sligo; and Mr. James Coleman; not to mention Mr. Goddard Orpen, who has written an interesting acount of the headland of Baginbun (County Wexford), the last place visited by the Society. We recommend all who intend to pass a summer in or about Ireland to possess themselves of this interesting and attractive book; it will prove a valuable supplement to the stereotyped guide-book, which is too often the despair of the educated traveller.

In 'Études de Littérature et de Morale Contemporaines' (Paris: Cornély), M. Georges Pellissier presents twenty-two journalistic essays, uncoördinated as to subject, yet sufficiently uniform in spirit and expression for collective review. Among the so-called "intellectuels," M. Pellissier always stands with the group of liberals, tolerant in principle, but ready for lively polemics against reaction, and consequently keen in detecting vulnerable points in the latest views of such men as Bourget and Brunetière. "L'Affaire Dreyfus et la Littérature Française," for instance, ironically lays bare a variety of hardly laudable motives which drove men of talent into open injustice. Throughout his work M. Pellissier keeps to the forward path, and nowhere more clearly than in "L'École sans Dieu" (a review of Payot's 'Cours de Morale'), as well as in a lecture, delivered at Geneva, which brilliantly vindicates Voltaire against the wearisome charges of metaphysical impotence or indifference. The essayist virtually says with Léon Daudet (and with Voltaire), "Environné de relatifs, l'absolu pour nous n'est qu'un vertige étiqueté." In discussing diction and style, M. Pellissier readily admits the innovating principle in language, as in "La Langue Littéraire Moderne"; while in another paper he demonstrates the indisputable harmony between *le style noble* and the æsthetic postulates which imposed its use on the neo-classic playwrights. In several respects, these sensible and entertaining studies remind us of Edmond Scherer.

Under the title 'Verspreide Studiën op het Gebied der Geschiedenis,' Dr. P. J. Blok, professor of Dutch history in the University of Leyden, has collected his scattered contributions in a neat volume of 364 pages (Groningen: J. B. Wolters). At least two of these papers, on John of Nassau and the Battle of Mookerheide, had appeared as small bound volumes, previous to the publication of his great work on the History of the Netherlands, of which the sixth volume was issued a few months ago. After life-long service in the field of historical research and teaching, this successor of Fruin hopes, within two or three years, to issue the seventh and last vol-

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ume of his history of the Dutch people. Of the twelve papers in the 'Studiën,' two deal with the Frisians, at Rome and in the Middle Ages. In treating of the religion of William the Silent, Blok makes him a sincere Calvinist, with peculiar breadth of mind and a determined purpose of toleration quite foreign to the Calvinism of his day. "The Last Half of the Nineteenth Century" is a vivid retrospect in scholarly form. One pleasing result of our author's publication concerning the battle of Mookerheide—so long the synonym for conversational malediction and general Dutch expletive—is the handsome memorial in marble and gold to "the generous blood of Nassau," poured out from the veins of two princes of this famous house, set up in the Reformed Church at the village of Mook, not far from the bloody heath. In the sixth volume of his History, the Republic under the Regents and the Republic under the Hereditary Prince-Stadholdership are considered. This covers the period of the American Revolution and the fall of the Dutch Republic, with the usual critical review of the sources of authority. We have thus a history (1702-1795) of the eighteenth century as the Dutch saw it, in the author's own style, combining the encyclopædic and the philosophic, and picturing vividly the social, religious, and commercial as well as political movement of the nation.

It seems that a warning is necessary lest the revival of interest in Hawker of Morwenstow, due to the publication of a new biography, should lead to the placing of undue confidence in his statements on matters of fact. Mr. Quiller-Couch, one of the highest living authorities on Cornwall and Cornishmen, declares point blank in the *Young Man* that, while in many respects Hawker was a fine, breezy character, he was in others somewhat of a humbug, not to say a "fakir." On one occasion, for instance, he lamented that at Morwenstow he was cut off from the world, and that the only book to which he had had access during the previous six months was one of the Fathers of the Church. Actually, he was at the time subscribing to Mudie's, and regularly receiving from them boxes of books. On the question of wrecking, particularly, according to Mr. Quiller-Couch, the testimony of Hawker "must not be taken too literally."

Japan is the principal topic in the *National Geographic Magazine* for May. In its fisheries, says Dr. H. M. Smith of our Bureau of Fisheries, it ranks above all other nations in the number of persons engaged in the industry, the amount of the product and its importance in the domestic economy, the skill shown in catching and the methods of scientific aquiculture, and the extent to which water growths of all kinds are utilized. He describes from personal observation several methods of catching fish, but omits to tell how sharks are taken. These are among the commonest and most wholesome of Japanese food-fishes, and are sent in immense numbers to the markets, where they are "butchered" as beeves are in our country. Mr. Smith saw a net for yellowtails over a mile long with a bag 900 feet long, 250 feet wide at its mouth, and 125 feet deep, and requiring 150 to 200 men to care for it. On one occasion 10,000 fish, averaging 20 pounds each, were taken at one haul. In each of the prefectures there is a department of fisheries, and many stations and laboratories have been established. The Imperial fisheries school at Tokyo has three departments of study, each with a three years' course, with provision for post-graduate work, and receives an annual Government subsidy of $70,000. An attractive feature of this as of all recent issues of the magazine is the copious photographic illustrations of the various articles and notes. The membership of the National Geographic Society, of which the magazine is the organ, has reached 5,000, making the largest geographical society in the world. Nearly every section of the globe is represented in it.

In a report of our consul-general at Tientsin, published in the Daily Consular Reports for May 19, is given a schedule of railways constructed and projected in China. The first heading should read "constructed and being constructed," as several of those mentioned are not completed. For instance, the list includes the American line from Canton to Hankau, 800 miles, about which there has been some diplomatic correspondence recently between Washington and Pekin. Work upon this has but just begun; less than fifty miles, if we are not mistaken, have been built, and it will probably be three years before the line will be opened. From the report, one would infer that the whole 800 miles were finished.

The Classical Association of England and Wales, constituted in December, 1903, has lost no time in pursuing one at least of its aims, *i. e.*, to improve the practice of classical teaching by discussion of its scope and methods. We have just received the circular of a committee appointed to consider the spelling of Latin texts for school and college use. They desire to have the opinion of teachers (and this must be founded not on theory, but on experience) as to (a) the marking of the long vowels in Latin texts intended for the use of beginners; and (b) the writing of the consonants or semi-vowels i (j) and u (v). Those who wish to assist the committee are requested to answer the questions in the form, and to return it with their signature and description to the honorary secretary, Professor Postgate, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Under the auspices of the Historical Society, a second loan exhibition is now being held in Oxford. It consists of some two hundred portraits, most of them lent by the various colleges and foundations, and representing personages who died between 1625 and 1714. This is the period of Van Dyck, of Lely, and of Kneller, and the University of Oxford might have been expected to possess numerous examples of these masters. Such is far from being the case. It boasts some good Knellers—the portrait of the mathematician Wallis is the best—but it has no unchallenged Lely (the portrait of Anne, Countess of Rochester, belongs to Lord Dillon), and only one Van Dyck, the Jesus College portrait of Charles I. The other so-called Van Dycks are said to be copies, and, indeed, some critics dispute the genuineness of the Charles I., fine painting though it undoubtedly is. In the absence of any authenticated work by his hand, the collection offers some fine pictures by his native-born assistants and pupils, *e. g.*, Riley's clever painting of "A Scullion of Christchurch," Robert Walker's "Oliver Cromwell" (lent by Lord Spencer), and J. M. Wright's splendid "Prince Rupert." Lely's assistants, Mrs. Beale and John Greenhill, and Kneller's Swedish rival, Michael Dahl, are also well represented. There is no doubt, however, that the pictures, as a whole, are interesting as historical mementos rather than as works of art.

—The Royal Historical Society, in the latest volume of its transactions (New Series, Vol. XVIII.), presents a series of seven essays besides Dr. Prothero's third presidential address. Among the essays, the most interesting item is a discussion of "A Supposed Conspiracy against Henry VII.," by Dr. James Gairdner and Mr. I. S. Leadam. The incident is connected with the flight of Edmund de la Pole from England and his residence abroad. As Dr. Gairdner is willing to admit, the King felt a good deal of apprehension as to what De la Pole might be able to accomplish; but while Mr. Leadam has been able to collect evidence which points towards a plot, the conspiracy was so obscure that, besides having eluded the notice of historians, there is much difficulty in following its progress even now. Of the other papers, Col. Lloyd's article upon "Canning and Spanish America" is the most likely to attract attention in this country. Dr. Prothero, who is nothing if not practical, dwelt last year upon the shortcomings of English bibliographers. On the present occasion, after disposing of a necrology that includes Lecky and Mommsen, he censures the neglect of English writers to produce adequate works on the history of the nineteenth century. This discussion leads to an interesting comparison between the part taken by modern history in the universities of France, Germany, and the United States, on the one hand, and the position assigned it at Oxford and Cambridge, on the other. Dr. Prothero goes so far as to print in schedule form a list of the courses actually given at the chief seats of learning outside of England, with the name of the professor attached to each course. The comparison is made to bring out a notable failure on the part of Oxford and Cambridge to give instruction in the political development of modern states. Of the two universities, Oxford incurs the severest criticism, on the ground that its school of history "is unquestionably the most productive and the most influential in the kingdom." Thus, while Professor Firth attacks the historical methods of Oxford at one point, Dr. Prothero assails them at another. It should be noted, however, that, since this address was delivered, the Modern History School at Oxford has so far enlarged its programme as to take in the period 1815-1878. When Professor Bury's St. Louis address is published, Dr. Prothero will find that it contains a forcible defence of his views on grounds more general than any which he himself has urged.

—It is some mitigation of the mischief of Chamberlainism that it has not only called forth many able restatements of the free-trade position, but has promoted fresh inquiries into economic history. One of the most useful of these studies was undertaken by Prof. J. S. Nicholson of Edin-

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burgh, resulting in his Gilbey lectures, delivered at Cambridge last year, and now published under the title of 'The History of the English Corn Laws' (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners). This volume, though avowedly prepared to meet the present discontents, is entirely free from partisanship. It emphasizes particularly the connection of the Corn Laws with British social legislation in general, and warns against the danger of appealing to historical precedents without taking into account all the circumstances of the case. Professor Nicholson thus corrects certain misapprehensions common among free-trade advocates; he shows, for instance, that the effect of these laws in raising prices has been exaggerated, and that the struggle for their repeal is incorrectly described as a conflict of class interests. But his removal of popular errors in nowise weakens the case against protection. Thus, he makes it clear that, though the Corn Laws did not produce constant high prices, the fluctuations in price which they did produce were an evil both to the farmer and to the consumer. The writer's careful investigation of this phase of protective legislation leads up to the conclusion that, while its intention was good, its results were disastrous. His comment on the present situation is suggestive rather than dogmatic, but Mr. Chamberlain's party will gather cold comfort from such an expression of expert opinion as this: "It is said that conditions have changed, and that a change of economic policy is required. To such a general statement it may suffice to reply that the conditions have certainly become more complex, and it is improbable that methods which failed under simpler conditions will succeed under more complex." That their failure was complete, Professor Nicholson entertains no doubt: "They did not steady prices or benefit the farmer; they did not prevent the flow of labor from the country to the towns, and they did not make the nation independent of foreign food supplies."

—As a piece of historical composition, Mr. H. S. Wheatly Crowe's 'In Defence of a King' (Liverpool: Edward Howell) is decidedly amateurish. But we doubt whether it should be tried by ordinary canons since it seems to be designed altogether as a work of edification. The King in question is Charles I., who, to Mr. Crowe, is the one type for all ages of the righteous man and the great ruler. Of his own book, the author says in a brief introduction: "Founded on history and on such private assistance as I could collect, I have stated nothing in these pages which has not been generally accepted as true, nor have I stated anything without having good reason and good authority for so doing." After this prefatory declaration, the whole apparatus of footnotes and references usually employed in controversial literature would seem to be unnecessary, and in fact it is not supplied. After the exordium already quoted, Mr. Crowe opens his first chapter with the following sentence: "It has never been doubted by anyone that when Charles the First came to the throne, if not yet outwardly, but inwardly, the English nation was in an uncontrollable state of boiling disorder; for the arbitrary and bigoted ideas of Elizabeth, especially at the latter end of her reign, had done very little for the country's good." The book closes as follows: "As the king's body was being carried to the chapel, a heavy snowstorm came on, and the black pall which covered the coffin soon became completely covered by a sheet of pure white snow. Thus a sign! proclaiming his innocence, and an intimation that he had been received into the hands of the Great Keeper of all things. God rest his soul." We furnish our readers with some means of judging the character of this volume by quoting its alpha and omega. What lies between may be styled one of the curiosities of literature. Lest this statement seem unwarranted, we will give one further excerpt: "When the dreadful deed was over, which denounced all those who were concerned in it as murderers, one could only say, that there had been foully done to death the best Christian, the best master, the best father, the most worthy gentleman, and the greatest man that ever lived."

—The third edition of George Kamensky's translation of Mendeléeff's 'Principles of Chemistry' (Longmans, Green & Co.), probably from the definitive edition of the original, incorporates a laborious revision by Mendeléeff, for the years intervening since the last edition have been wonderful years for chemistry. Our readers need not, perhaps, be reminded that the book, as an account of the distinctive properties of all the chemical elements, which is its character, is one of the most, if not the very most, marvellous achievement in making a subject of infinite details untiringly interesting, and investing it with a power of taking root in the reader's memory. It is also valuable as expressing with unusual openness all the processes of thought of one of the greatest scientific reasoners that ever lived. It cannot, however, be called a model of judicious and calm logic. Whatever proposition Mendeléeff inclines to, which must be something illuminating his most famous discovery, will be for him "a logical development"; while anything else will be a "hypothesis," regardless of its logical genesis. The phase rule is admitted to the rank of "a theory," which he hopes may in time develop into "the true theory." On many points he is skeptical about the doctrines of the new chemistry, and sometimes his objections have no little force, but they are always exaggerated. Perhaps the most valuable addition to this edition, because the substance of it will not be found elsewhere, is an admirable account of all the metals of the rare earths, contributed to this edition from the pen of B. Brauner, than whom no authority could be higher and probably no other as competent in every way for this task. It shows the "periodic law," as it is called—though it never was anything more than a rule of waviness—suffering under the serious defection of over a dozen elements; and a whole horizontal line (or two, as commonly drawn up) is erased from Mendeléeff's table. Brauner compares the series of elements from cerium to ytterbium to the triads in the eighth column, iron, nickel, cobalt, etc., where the atomic weights progress while the general chemical character remains constant. This is a matter of deep interest for scientific logic on account of the extraordinary success of almost all the predictions that have been based on Mendeléeff's scheme, which have by no means been confined to the existence of scandium, gallium, and germanium. It cannot, of course, break the probative force of successful prediction, but it must cause men to scrutinize instances of it, and see to what circumstances it may have been due. We must add that the "periodic law" retains all the value it ever had for other parts of the table. The three English editions of the book, which have represented three successive Russian editions, have all had different English editors. The first of them was a fairly competent person as translators go, and the others have been careful about getting the numbers right; the last corrects the form of some names, and Wyruboff, for example, no longer occasionally figures as Wernhoff. But otherwise, the new editor leaves much to be desired, and in several instances renders statements false which in the previous editions had been rightly given.

—Dr. O. E. Lessing, of the University of Wisconsin, has published in his "Grillparzer und das Neue Drama" (Munich: R. Piper & Co.) an interesting contribution to the rapidly growing list of works dealing with Grillparzer. The day is long past when not only critics of the stamp of Wolfgang Menzel, but literary historians of considerable acumen, like Gervinus and Julian Schmidt, could afford to belittle the significance of the Austrian dramatist; though, among the living, Rudolf Gottschall could still coin the ludicrous phrase that "Grillparzer was incapable of development." There has grown up in Germany, within recent years, a Grillparzer literature inferior in volume and minuteness of research only to that which gathers steadily around the names of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. No critical biography of the poet that has hitherto appeared in either Austria or Germany equals in scholarly comprehensiveness and charm of style the Frenchman Auguste Ehrhard's 'Franz Grillparzer: Le Théâtre en Autriche'; but many other notable monographs, such as those of Volkelt, Scherer, and Emil Reich, show that posterity has begun to ratify the judgment of Byron, who, in 1821, wrote: "Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they *must* learn to pronounce it. With all the allowance for translation . . . the tragedy of 'Sappho' is superb and sublime! And who is he? I know him not, but ages will."

—Dr. Lessing has, in his critical estimate, not unwisely ignored the crude and dismal (for all its poetic diction) "Ahnfrau," Grillparzer's first and long his most popular work, which allied him throughout his life, in the opinion of the unthinking, with the "fate tragedians" of the school of Müllner and Werner. "Die Ahnfrau" bears the same relation to Grillparzer's "König Ottokars Glück und Ende" or "Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn" that Schiller's "Robbers" does to his "Wallenstein" or "Wilhelm Tell"; but the choice of the subject in Grillparzer's case was purely accidental, as it was not in Schiller's. Dr. Lessing's main thesis—the influence of Hegel on Grillparzer's philosophic and æsthetic theories and on his political attitude—is somewhat forced. The poet's caustic wit spared Hegel, as many of his epi-

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grams testify, as little as, for instance, Richard Wagner:

"Habe die Hegel'sche Philosophie überlebt,
Werd' auch die Zukunftsmusik überleben";

and we can imagine with what scorn he would have resented Dr. Lessing's linking his name with that of Hebbel (whom he cordially disliked) as protagonists of the new ("collectivist") drama. In fact, the relation between Grillparzer and the modern German dramatists is not made perfectly clear, though chance has quite recently led Gerhart Hauptmann to dramatize, under the title of "Elga," Grillparzer's novel, 'Das Kloster bei Sendomir.' Our author follows pretty closely the most judicious current estimates of Grillparzer's work, particularly his Greek and Hapsburg dramas; although he assigns to "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen" a secure place next to "Romeo and Juliet." He sees Hegel's influence in "Weh' dem, der lügt" (Grillparzer's only comedy), and, most distinctly in his two latest works, "Libussa" and "Die Jüdin von Toledo." The essay is noteworthy as, in a sense, the tribute of an American university to the genius of Grillparzer, the most conspicuous, though perhaps not the greatest, of Austrian dramatists.

BOOKS ON ART.

Miniatures. By Dudley Heath. (The Connoisseur's Library.) London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Auguste Rodin: The Man—his Ideas—his Works. By Camille Mauclair. Translated by Clementina Black. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. New and enlarged edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Velazquez. By Auguste Bréal. (The Popular Library of Art.) London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Dudley Heath's book on miniatures is in more than one respect the best of several on the subject which the recent revival of interest in miniature painting has brought forth. From the historical side, Mr. Heath presents by far the clearest and fullest account we have seen of the derivation of the modern art of portraiture in little from the elder arts of illumination and missal-painting which gave it its name. The pedigree is made out clearly, from the earliest illuminated manuscripts to the miniatures of Holbein and Clouet, the fathers of the art in England and France. On the mooted question as to whether any of the so-called Holbein miniatures were actually painted by Holbein, Mr. Heath takes the affirmative, and there can be little doubt that he is right. Such contemporary evidence as there is is all in his favor, but the most conclusive evidence is that of the works themselves. Undoubtedly miniatures have been attributed to Holbein which he did not paint—miniatures painted before he came to England, miniatures painted after his death; above all, miniatures entirely unworthy of his skill. But a certain number of the little portraits of his period can have been done by no one else; they are as unmistakably his as is the wonderful Erasmus of the Louvre.

Most convincing of all is his own portrait in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. This is Holbein and by himself—doubt is impossible. It bears the inscription "H. H. An. 1543. Aetatis suæ 45," exactly the date and age inscribed on Vosterman's engraving, and the composition is identical with that of the engraving, only reversed—an indication that the miniature cannot have been copied from the engraving, while the engraving may well have been copied from the miniature. The most notable difference in the two portraits is that the face in the engraving wears a slight moustache which is absent from the miniature; but, considering the inferiority of the engraving at every point and its deformation of the features of the great artist, this may well have been an ineptitude of the engraver. The head in the painting is very like that in the early drawing at Basle, only grown older and graver, and it is the only portrait of Holbein in his later years that one can accept as credible, while in drawing and workmanship, to judge by the reproduction, it is such as no other man of his time could have made it. Mr. Heath does not go into this reasoning or mention the Vosterman engraving; he simply accepts the miniature on its face as an original Holbein. For our part we not only believe, unhesitatingly, that Holbein painted miniatures in England and founded the English school of miniature painting, but we believe that these miniatures are worthy of more study than has yet been given them for the light they are capable of throwing on the evolution of the master's style.

Mr. Heath is a miniature painter himself, not a mere collector or fancier, and his critical judgments are those of an artist who takes his art seriously, and who knows its methods and its resources; they are therefore of more moment than those of the ordinary writer on the subject, who merely reflects the prevalent taste of collectors. Being what he is, it is natural that he should heartily appreciate such a masculine genius as that of Samuel Cooper, not only a brilliant miniaturist, but a great portrait painter, and that he should refuse to join in the general enthusiasm for the rather flimsy cleverness of Cosway, whose vaporous prettiness is, for most people, the ideal of miniature art. Mr. Heath's technical knowledge enables him to point out, however, that Cosway's style was determined almost as much by the introduction of ivory as a ground for miniature painting as by his own temperament and the taste of his day. The painters on card or vellum had no such temptation to subordinate truth and force to the perfectly legitimate display of the beauty of their material, and Mr. Heath is entirely just to the real ability with which Cosway adapted his slightness of method to such display.

It is a pity that our author knows nothing, or says nothing, of the recent revival of miniature painting in this country. If his work had been purely historical, there would be nothing more to say; but as he gives specimens of contemporary work in England (and pretty poor work it is), one regrets the absence of some of the much better work that has been produced in America. The illustrations are, for the most part, admirable, and they are—a matter of importance—of the exact size of the originals. The illustrations in color seem unusually successful, and are a valuable aid to understanding the various styles of work. The book would be easier of reference if various details as to provenance, etc., were given on the plates themselves, or on their guards, rather than in an "Index to Plates." The plates are not even numbered, and when there is a reference in the text to a certain plate, one must turn back to this index and identify the picture wanted by the outline cut of it there given, then turn over the plates until one finds it—a long and annoying process.

M. Camille Mauclair professes a distaste for over-enthusiasm, saying, in the preface to his book on Rodin: "It is not so much my business to display abundantly the admiration which I feel, but which, no more than my friendship, shall induce me to turn my essay into a hymn of praise. Rodin himself is the first man to be wearied by some praises, and a just observation on his methods gives him much more pleasure. Like every man of high intelligence, he would rather be understood than praised." And again, "A study is asked of me, not a panegyric. When I have reckoned up the vast quantity of work, the maker's life, theories, talks, doings, and influence, very little room will be left for compliments." There is more than once a note of disdain for "Rodin's extreme admirers" and for dealers in "literary declamations"; yet when one has finished the book one is left wondering who the admirers can be that M. Mauclair considers more extreme than himself or more declamatory. Rodin's "statues are states of the soul," and the sculptor himself is "a representative being surprised at his own immanence," and "a sort of rock concealing shapes within it and embracing in its secret recesses immense crystallized arborescences." He is "the greatest living French artist, and one of the most complex and powerful movers of thought in modern art," who "influences the soul of a generation"—and so on for many pages. He surpasses Puget and Rude and Barye, and is, indeed, "supreme in the rich French school," which is not, however, so rich as we had imagined, for "Dujalbert, Chapu, Mercié, Frémiet, Saint-Marceaux, and Falguière are but sham great sculptors, nothing of whose work will last," while "the École group, from Paul Dubois to Barrias, Aubé, and Guillaume, is a mere example of pretentious insignificance." Finally, he is "a master and a prophet," and "the Michael Angelo of the modern world." For one who would "avoid any extravagant eulogy," this is pretty well.

In short, M. Mauclair is, what his other books have shown him, a violent partisan, who not only lauds to the skies everything which he admires, but damns with equal vigor everything else. He is not content that Rodin shall be reckoned a great sculptor and a forceful and original artist—he must be thought the only sculptor, and a profound thinker, a great poet, a prodigious intellect, as well. He is not content that other sculptors shall be pronounced relatively inferior to his hero—they must be contemptuously effaced that his hero may stand alone. Such a method is dangerous, and is apt to rouse antagonism in any reader accustomed to think for himself.

Fortunately, there is something besides extravagance of praise or blame in this book. There are long passages of explanation from which some idea may be obtained

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of what kind of a sculptor Rodin is, of the nature of his ideals, and the reason of his methods. They are not always very clear or very intelligible, and, in the absence of opportunity to compare the original with the translation, one can only guess how much of their vagueness is the fault of M. Mauclair, how much that of his translator; but an attentive reader can glean a good deal. There are, above all, long quotations from Rodin himself—quotations which show him to us as he is, a man of vigorous temperament and immense vitality, but of no great intellectual clarity; a natural craftsman, with a genius for the manipulation of material; an artist who produces by instinct, and occasionally tries, rather ineffectually, to discover his reasons afterwards. Finally, there are the forty plates. It is natural enough, perhaps, that the work of an impressionist sculptor should be reproduced in impressionistic photographs, but one could wish for illustrations of greater clearness that should enable us to judge more accurately what the work is and how it is done. Still, these plates do help us, as far as they go, to understand Rodin, and, like the text of the volume, are in so far welcome.

It is refreshing to turn from M. Mauclair to Mr. Brownell, and to reread the chapters of 'French Art' which deal with Rodin. This "new and enlarged edition" is identical in text with the illustrated edition of four years ago, and there is, therefore, nothing new in it, but it is good to have it reprinted. Mr. Brownell is certainly a sufficiently ardent admirer of Rodin, and we remarked, in reviewing the illustrated edition, on the disproportionate amount of space allotted to that master; but, compared to M. Mauclair, he is coolness and impartiality personified. Mr. Brownell is, fortunately, capable of admiring many things, and of trying to understand more things than he greatly admires. His weakness as a critic of art is his lack of technical knowledge, and of any adequate conception of the dependence of artistic expression, and even of artistic thought, upon technical methods; his strength is a catholicity of temper and a great intellectual subtlety. His criticism is apt to strike an artist as marked by a certain aloofness from the concrete, as if it emanated from a disembodied spirit, but the intelligence which seems served by no human senses is a high and clear one. That there is a continued public demand for his books is a welcome sign that intellectual effort is still possible, and that intellectual pleasure is still enjoyed.

M. Bréal's little book on Velazquez lives up to the excellent reputation of the series to which it belongs. The author makes no attempt at elaborate technical criticism, like that of Stevenson, but he does succeed in giving a clear idea of the nature of Velazquez's genius, of what he was, and what he was not, together with all that is necessary of biographical information regarding an entirely uneventful life. He has no desire to write one of those "volumes on the paintings of the masters so complete and definite that they dispense with the necessity of seeing their works. . . . This volume is neither a treatise on æsthetics, nor an historical essay, nor a catalogue, nor even a guide-book. We beg the reader not to take it with him if he goes to see any of Velazquez's pictures. This little book is merely an invitation to the journey." This modest intention is admirably fulfilled. One gets such a notion of the quiet, impartial, unimpassioned, unimaginative, wonderfully true and beautiful works of the greatest of the masters of pure painting, that one is possessed with the desire to take the next steamer for Europe, and to go straight to Madrid without stopping for anything else.

But if one is placed under the spell of the great Spaniard's mastery, one is duly warned of the steps by which it was attained. There is a passage of some length, apropos of Velazquez's *bodegones*, which is so profitable for instruction that we cannot refrain from quoting it nearly entire.

"Velasquez is a perfect example of what dexterity and craftsmanship ought to be in a master, namely, the outcome of severe and protracted study. The painter who, later on, was able to indicate with a single touch—fleeting and decisive—a belt buckle, a sword hilt, the ribbon of a hoop, and the very life of a glance, began by meticulously elaborating portraits of pots and by patiently painting in every line of a model's grimace. Little by little, alone and by himself, he acquired and amassed the experience which is represented by a single trickle of paint in 'Las Meniñas.' Never has more audacious synthesis been produced by more careful analysis. This might furnish a subject of meditation for those young 'masters' who start by audacities which are all the easier for being unconscious. It is impossible to synthesize, it is impossible to epitomize (in painting), what one has not studied. If one begins by the end, one is in danger of ending by the beginning; and *if early works that are labored do not imply future mastery, early works that are masterly are the manifestation of an artist without personality.*"

The phrase we have italicised is worthy of being writ large on the walls of our schools of art for the benefit of those miscalled students who are so afraid of being timid that they dare not really study anything.

The quality of the English in our quotations shows sufficiently well that M. Bréal is quite justified in his note of thanks to the translator, Mme. Simon Bussy. Certain passages in which M. Bréal himself quotes from others, the original text being given in a note, confirm our feeling that Mme. Bussy is as accurate as readable. It is a genuine pleasure to come across such a workmanlike performance. The physical make-up of the handy little volume, with its flexible cover, is charming, but the illustrations make one regret the smallness of scale. Velazquez suffers more than almost any one from excessive reduction and from the shortcomings of process-work. Little besides the composition is visible in these small plates, and composition is not his forte. The inclusion of certain details, heads, etc., on a larger scale helps out somewhat, but not much. For those who cannot see the originals, the only even moderately useful substitutes are the large Braun photographs.

MORE FICTION.

Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World. By Maurice Hewlett. Harpers.

Veranilda. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Constance Trescot. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL.D. The Century Co.

The Celibates' Club. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co.

The Belted Seas. By Arthur Colton. Henry Holt & Co.

The Probationer, and Other Stories. By Herman Whitaker. Harpers.

In a preface to the story called "Brazenhead the Great," Mr. Hewlett declares that "a story is a story or verbiage," thus providing a standard whereby he may be judged. In some of his work at least, a tendency to verbiage is discoverable, but his latest volume is a volume of stories, splendid stories, full of action and passion, with an undercurrent of laughter, all carried off with great spirit and style. They are told in wonderful words, so apt and abundant. Like the words of the Bible and of Shakspere, they are living words, and, as they tell the stories, they also clothe them in rich, harmonious garments. In the days when our language seems to have become a slender, cold, tinkling stream, drying at the source, Mr. Hewlett's use of it restores our confidence and our pride.

The spirit of the tales and the letter are one, even as a good rider and his horse, and the identification of the writer with his themes is so complete that one thinks favorably of the theory of reincarnation. May not the souls of Boccaccio and Benvenuto Cellini, Falstaff and Romeo, have met, combined, and squeezed themselves into the body of a twentieth-century English story-teller? At all events, Mr. Hewlett gives us episodes which would have made the refugees from plague-stricken Florence forget their peril; quick, fierce brawls, such as the great silversmith delighted in; impudent, voluble swash-bucklers of Falstaffian quality; and lovers passionate and daring as Juliet's. Lady Sail[illegible] of Ventadorn, who wore a jewelled b[illegible] with the "Heart's Key," had many lovers. Three of them were bad, revengeful men, who burned Ventadorn because she had fooled them, and drove her forth in a single garment, and mocked her. But a true lover awaited her—"Guillem of Nantoil, a poor minstrel with a cropped head, meek eyes, and smooth face," who, with all his humility, knew that he could turn the key and capture Saill's fierce heart. When she had been dragged in the dust and begged her bread, his hour came.

"Early in the morning they took the road in peace; a battered soldier and his drab—who should hurt them? The primroses were out in the banks, in the meadows cowslips nodded their heads, jonquils and lady-smocks. The spring was in, earth quick with it. Nantoil was burning that day, but in the wood in the valley the doves sang clear and long. Saill put off her slippers and cooled her feet in the water; she let down the golden race of her hair and threw her head back to shake it free. As Guillem saw that proud, fine face, fronting, unashamed, the sky, his love leaped hotly in him, rebuking him for his doubt. He prayed his old prayer, 'Hey, Madame the Virgin of Ventadorn, give me the Heart's Key.'"

The foot-page, Percival Perceforest, was found weeping for Lady Mawdleyn Touchett in Winchester Cathedral. He was found by Capt. Brazenhead, "a lean man of six feet two inches, of inordinate thirst," who was at the moment attached to Mr. Jack Cade, who aspired to be King of England, yet sorely needed a stripling of wit and learning to write his dispatches for him. Brazenhead, justly called the Great, struck a bargain with Percival, and, after adventures both grave and gay, each got his reward.

Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti was a

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"pleasant, handsome man, rich, young, a good fighter, very splendid in his tastes." He was also frank and just; and when he wished to break his contract of marriage with Monna Cunizza, closely allied to the great house of Uberti, he walked in among her kindred alone and unarmed, courteously saluting the company at large, and spoke:

"I have given reasons to Lambertuccio [Cunizza's father] which I hope he understands. No doubt he has told them to you. Now, in the presence of you all, his kindred, I pay the forfeit in which I stand engaged and will take my bond again. Further satisfaction I offer him for the honor of Monna Cunizza—namely, the fifty florins which I should have laid down for Morgengabe. This seems to be justly her due, since I believe from my soul every good thing of her. So I pay it now in your sight."

Unfortunately for himself, Buondelmonte had reservations. When the Uberti found out that he was already on with a new love, they lay in wait for him at the bridge end by the Church of San Stefano, and dreadful things happened.

In "The Love Chase" there are two fervent, faithful lovers, and the lady, coldly estimated, is worthy of neither. Emilia Fiordispina, La Colombina, had innumerable lovers, silent and outspoken, "A mysterious, slow, smiling little creature," Simone della Prova, marked her for his own when she was only twelve, made her swear eternal faith, with scowls, kisses, tears, oaths. Then he rode away to the serious business of war, and several years later sent her a ring to let her know that he had not forgotten, and that (when convenient) he was coming to Milan (where Emilia was maid of honor to the Duchess) to marry her. By this time he was known as the Black Dog of Citadella, and at no court in Italy would a message from him be treated lightly. He sent the ring by the Cardinal Guido Gonzaga of Milan, who told his secretary, Nello Nelli, to give it to La Colombina. The complications that ensued were tremendous, for Nello was a poet and had never been really in love. Nello is an admirably represented, typical figure of the Italian Renaissance, romantic, ardent, and brave, yet learned and of critical taste. As a lover he is incomparable, and in every aspect charming.

The women who take part in the "Fond Adventures" could be found guilty of almost any crime by a respectable modern jury composed of their own sex; on the other hand, "Not proven" is the most severe verdict that could be expected from good men and true of any race or time.

No novelist was ever more the slave of his temperament than was the late George Gissing. The life of the lower middle class in England, which he represented in most of his novels, is not absolutely without light, or hope, or joy; yet Mr. Gissing believed it was utterly mean and sordid. He hated it, resented being bound up with it, yet could not separate himself from it, and was driven to write book after book to express his contempt, almost loathing, for the social order of which he was so intimately a part. Novels written under the stress of any sort of emotion are likely to be strong and impressive; Mr. Gissing's were among the most impressive and most unpleasant of his time. His posthumous novel, 'Veranilda,' fails because it is only a product of intelligence and of scholarly interest in a remote period of history. Mr. Gissing could not identify himself with a Roman or a Goth. The feelings and motives of ambitious men playing a great game were not within his range. He could know about kings and senators, their wives, mistresses, daughters, and slaves, but the knowledge left him unmoved; he could not understand and detest them as he understood and detested suburban Londoners balefully scowling at their evening tea and jam because happier mortals were, at that moment, in terrestrial paradises, quaffing champagne. Besides being cold and formal, 'Veranilda' is a rather incoherent tale. The beautiful Goth, of royal descent, is seldom before the reader, being most of the time immured in a convent, the victim of obscure intrigues. Basil, her lover, a son of the Anician family, is not a lover to be proud of, for his lamentations over the loss of Veranilda take time that had been better spent in trying to discover her retreat. The Greek Marcian, a double-dyed traitor, really did more than Basil to win Veranilda, though in other respects he is undeserving. The most interesting parts of the book are the descriptions of the desperate condition of Italy at the time, and of Rome, fallen from her greatness, with starving people cringing before a dissolute nobility.

Mr. Frederick Harrison's preface to 'Veranilda' shows more sympathy with a friend than literary judgment. Mr. Gissing's life appears to have been a singularly sad one, offering many excuses for the bitterness and pessimism of his works.

The scene of the story of 'Constance Trescot' is in St. Ann, a small Missouri town; the time, shortly after the civil war. When Major George Trescot of Boston accepts the position in St. Ann of agent for a Northern landowner, charged to evict a number of squatters, a stirring drama, probably a tragic one, is foreseen. After a short acquaintance with the Southern community, Trescot knows that it would be wiser to conciliate the long-established occupants of Mr. Rufus Hood's lands than to insist on turning them out; but, unable to persuade his employer, he tries a test case, wins, and is immediately shot dead by the defendant's lawyer, Mr. Greyhurst. The sympathy of the community is, of course, with the murderer, so the law ignores his crime. The drama is a very fitting one for development of the character of Catherine Trescot, who may be briefly described as a woman of blood and iron. She had a strong intelligence and strong passions, and in pursuit of a desire could sweep away any obstacle less arresting than the swift, sure bullet of Mr. Greyhurst. Her passion of love for Trescot made him as clay in her hands, and her passion of hatred for Greyhurst, after the murder, devised tortures of devilish ingenuity. Mr. Kent, reviewing events, said, "Perhaps George Trescot was fortunate," an opinion that readers of the novel can hardly fail to confirm.

Constance Trescot is not a monster, but just a perfectly selfish woman, which is, perhaps, about the same thing. After her husband's death she becomes a monomaniac, but is none the less responsible for her actions. Dr. Mitchell has had ample opportunity to observe many women similarly constituted, and his delineation of Constance is as clear and assured as if she had been the subject of notes. By way of excuse or explanation, he lays stress on the contempt for religion inculcated by her uncle and guardian, Mr. Rufus Hood, but we feel that religion could only have made of her a leader of inquisitions, a slayer of innocents under suspicion of cherishing a faith that was not hers. Education has really very little effect on such women as Constance Trescot. They are born armed with weapons fitted for their purpose in life, which is always to get what they want. These weapons are dangerous, but not necessarily unpleasing. Constance, cajoling a squatter, sympathizing with vanquished Southerners, making love to her husband, appears amiable and engaging, but she knows well that her bullying methods, so successful in coercing her uncle and sister, cannot bend all the world to her will. The less important characters in the novel are well drawn, especially that of Rufus Hood, a tiresome old man, at once irresolute and obstinate and full of self-conceit. Dr. Mitchell describes St. Ann and its impoverished and bereaved inhabitants sympathetically, and revives for the modern reader the great emotion which long ago convulsed both North and South.

The 'Celibates' Club' is a collection of extravagant tales and character sketches which probably first saw the light in a comic paper. Each separate chapter is good enough for such a medium of publication, but the book is no better than an exhibition of the journalistic talent for writing up exhaustively from the slightest foundation of facts or fancy. Mr. Zangwill's way of writing up a subject is very superior. He is extraordinarily fluent; he can do almost anything with words—make puns, paradoxes, epigrams, striking phrases, run on in an amusing fashion long after his subject or suggestion is buried out of sight and forgotten. Sometimes he runs off into unmitigated nonsense, and then, except for the purposes of the comic paper, he becomes an unmitigated bore—a fate that frequently threatens in his giddy flights provoked by the conception of a Bachelors' Club and an Old Maids' Club.

The nearest discoverable thing to a motive in his madness is an intention to satirize the general modern passion for notoriety, finding most of his material in the world of actors, musicians, painters, and writers for the papers—a world that can hardly take offence at criticism which so obviously includes the author. All he says about this world expresses intimate acquaintance and personal identification with it, and a cheerfully cynical appreciation of life as he sees it, and lives it. Among his best sketches is that of Harry Slapup, a comic singer, who, quite against his will, was converted into Israfel Mondego, a warbler of sentimental ditties and darling of the drawing-room. The most amusing candidates for the Old Maids' Club is Frank Maddox, a celebrated critic of all the arts. "Few critics," says Mr. Zangwill, "possessed such charm of style and feature as Frank Maddox, who had a delicious retroussé nose, a dainty rosebud mouth, blue eyes, and a wealth of golden hair." The opening of the lady's discourse on her profession gives the tone of the best bits in the book:

"You see, to be a critic it is not essential to know anything—you must simply be able to write. To be a great critic you must simply be able to write well. In my omniscience, or catholic ignorance, I naturally looked about for the subject on which I could most profitably employ my gift of style with the least chance of being found

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out. A moment's consideration will convince you that the most difficult branches of criticism are the easiest. Of musical and artistic matters not one person in a thousand understands aught but the rudiments; here, then, is the field in which the critical ignoramus may expatiate at large with the minimum danger of discovery. . . . Only say what you have got to say authoritatively and well, and the world shall fall down and worship you. The place of art in religion has undergone a peculiar historical development. First men worshipped the object of art; then they worshipped the artist; and nowadays they worship the art-critic."

The tragic note is generally dominant in sailors' yarns, but Captain Thomas Buckingham, who sailed 'The Belted Seas' for thirty years, was a humorous philosopher, and his adventures exhale the spirit with which they were met. The Captain never steamed, he sailed—clipper ships and coasting schooners; thus enjoying the advantages for romance of the more primitive method of traversing the deep. A sailing-ship was always an irresponsible rover; she scorned the fetters of a schedule; she sailed at the convenience of the tides and arrived at the pleasure of the capricious winds; between leaving one port and making another, the unforeseen was pretty sure to happen. It happened so often to Captain Tom that his experience may be said to have embraced everything except what had been anticipated and arranged for. He became familiar with hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidal waves, assisted at South American revolutions, fought in the South Seas, [illegible] a thousand bronze Buddhas [illegible] of the Shway Dagohn pag[illegible]on. His pretty constant com[illegible]e men who, as he says, stood by h[illegible]st, were a solace in vicissitude, for the had a sense for life as keen as his own, and always supplied him with food for reflection. Three of them failed to make the home port at last, for "one was a miser and smuggler, and got himself hung; and one was a thief, and died of a split wishbone on what he called a 'throne'; and one was a fighter and gambler and poet, and he had a heavy fist and he turned remorseful into a Burmese monk." Captain Tom's description of his eccentric mates is occasionally exaggerated to the point of caricature, and his style is inconsistent, wavering between the style of a plain mariner and that of a clever, versatile, even brilliant writer.

Mr. Whitaker's tales of the Canadian Northwest show that he is familiar with life on prairie farms, in remote fur-trading stations, in Indian camps, and that he has hungered and thirsted in wilderness places. Some of his stories are thrilling, some humorous, some tame, and the people are selected from the westward-moving advance guard of approaching settlement and remote civilization. They have many difficulties to contend with, and one indomitable enemy, the snowstorm—the blizzard—which, according to Mr. Whitaker, would seem to rage all the year round. They are strong, resolute people, not always careful to observe moral law or social order, yet rarely requiring attention from the mounted police. In narrative Mr. Whitaker has a good deal of manner—too much, and not always his own. There are suggestions of Bret Harte and Owen Wister, and frequently (instance "A Drummer of the Queen") a rather close reminiscence of Kipling. The author has enough of original quality to go his own way without regard for models, and he will probably write better when he has forgotten the books that have influenced him. The volume seems to us to be poorly named, for "The Probationer," though the first story, is far from the best, and not characteristic of the rest of the contents.

Greek Thinkers. By Theodor Gomperz. Vols. II.-III. Translated by G. G. Berry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The first volume of Professor Gomperz's 'Griechische Denker' was translated by Mr. Laurie Magnus of Magdalen College, Oxford, and was reviewed in these columns on its publication in 1901. The second volume of the original was published in 1902, and we have before us, in two volumes of considerable size, its translation by Mr. G. G. Berry of Balliol, who carries on the task that Mr. Magnus had not the leisure to complete. The three English volumes, whose larger type and better paper account for the expansion, and make them much more attractive than the original, will now appeal to a far wider circle of readers here and in England than could be reached by a history of Greek philosophy in German. Not that the book is addressed to the general reader. In spite of the singularly refreshing absence of footnotes, it is of the sort that even the specialist must read with all his wits about him. But the advantage of Gomperz's arrangement is that the student of philosophy can read straight ahead, undistracted by the *Literatur*, while the classical specialist who desires, as he often will desire, to consult the references and the authorities for some of the author's statements, will find in the notes at the end of volume iii. a brief defence of the debatable opinions and a good deal of useful bibliography.

Mr. Berry, like Mr. Magnus, has managed to give his translation the air of real English, and his version is on the whole a great improvement on the curiously abrupt and disjointed style of the original German. The *pièce de résistance* of these two volumes is, of course, the chapters devoted to Plato, for whom is reserved the third volume and more than a third of the second. The treatment of Aristotle and his successors is postponed to a later instalment. It is his moderation, his avoidance of extreme views, that makes Professor Gomperz so satisfactory a critic. He has no taste for the exaggerations and eccentricities of modern scholarship, and you will never find him misinterpreting or ignoring the text of a Greek author in order to make out a case or support a paradox. Nor does he range himself with the destructive critics who have left not one stone upon another in their determination to accept nothing in the way of evidence unless they can find it in Thucydides or Aristotle, who alone are regarded as mysteriously infallible. Such critics will reject every anecdote that has grown up about the great names of Greece, and allow no evidence that is not derived from the writer's own works, or at least such of his works as they concede not to have been written by others. All that they leave to a writer's personality is his date, if it happens to be above suspicion, the name of his father, which seems to have a mysterious value for the historians of Greek literature, and, if he be an Athenian, that of his deme, which somehow sticks to him because it conveys nothing to the mind. Gomperz is far from reducing his Greek thinkers to so chilly and colorless an outfit. On the contrary, he would like to give you a full-bodied presentment of each man as he lived, establishing the details of his daily life by the sort of divination which may be allowed to a scholar whom you at least cannot refute, because he never lets his imagination play about the texts themselves; which is more than can be said for many of the critics who have discarded all the personalities as unauthenticated by a contemporary.

But we can imagine their distress at Gomperz's lively character-sketch of the Athenian man in the street and his monologue about Socrates, or the highly colored picture of Plato going for a walk in Syracuse, sighing at the sight of the stone quarries, with their hideous associations for an Athenian, or listening to Sophron reciting on a street stage. Gomperz is, indeed, so eager to fill in every detail that he cannot accept our blank ignorance as to Plato's love affairs, and accordingly conjectures that Dion the Sicilian philosopher was the object of his passionate affection. But all this is the froth of Gomperz's narrative, which can be blown aside if one prefers; there is no doubt as to the sound quality of the draught beneath.

He devotes a chapter to each one of the more important Platonic dialogues, pointing out its significance for the develop[illegible]ment of Plato's thought, and its relati[illegible] to the rest. In the matter of chronol[illegible] he is far from what he calls the "reck[illegible] exaggerations" of Lutoslawski, who, [illegible] his "stylometry" and his conception o[illegible] growth of Plato's logic to support each o[illegible]er, did not hesitate to ignore or misinterpret such passages as were clearly against his arrangement. But Gomperz does on the whole arrange the dialogues in the order adopted by Lutoslawski, with certain very important reservations. He agrees with the statisticians in placing the "Phædrus" after the "Symposium," but rejects as visionary the attempts of such critics as Krohn or Pfleiderer or Lutoslawski to detect "the true order of the Books of the 'Republic'—an order differing from that in which they appear—and to represent the work as a conglomerate of disparate fragments" (iii., 51 ff.). On the vexed question of the ultimate fate of the doctrine of ideas, Gomperz is certainly more cautious than Lutoslawski, who, in his eagerness to eliminate the self-existent ideas from the later dialogues, overlooked a clear allusion to them in the "Timæus." But he goes too far when he concludes, from the absence of allusion in the "Laws" to dialectic as an important branch of education, that Plato is no longer under "the spell of classificatory dialectic, of the rage for division which was so strong upon him in the 'Sophist,'" and that both the doctrine of ideas and dialectic became for him "exclusively subservient" to the understanding of plants and animals. There is nothing in the later dialogues to show that Plato "shivered in the heaven of his ideas," and Gomperz probably fails to distinguish between eristic and dialectic when he detects a distrust of dialectic "even in the 'Republic.'"

Every Platonic scholar has his mania,

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and we should say that the weakness of Gomperz is his tendency to drag in the Cynic Antisthenes. In almost every dialogue he sees some sidethrust of Plato's at the great Cynic who had taken so different a line from his own in the development of the teaching of Socrates. In such a passage as "Sophist" 251 there is indeed a pretty obvious allusion to Antisthenes and his followers, but Gomperz has no right to draw such an inference from, *e. g.*, "Phaedrus" 229. It is refreshing to find that he rejects none of the dialogues that are condemned by the extreme critics, and, against Zeller and Wilamowitz, regards the "Menexenus" as Platonic. For one of the few misleading statements in the book we may point to page 284 of volume iii., where we read that "it may now be taken as proved that Xenophon's 'Symposium' followed its Platonic namesake." This is by no means the generally received opinion.

The proof-reading of the English translation is far from perfect. There is a good deal of misspelling, and on page 238 of volume iii. two lines are transposed so as to make nonsense. The translator has followed Gomperz in spelling the name of Xenophon's son "Grylus"; we do not know that there is any authority for this use of a single *l*.

Talks in a Library. By Laurence Hutton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

This book contains the last "copy" produced by the late Laurence Hutton. The "talks" were dictated to Miss Isabel Moore last year, and were revised by Mr. Hutton before his death, the book being printed after that event. It is a miscellaneous collection of literary and personal gossip, a good deal of which is new and most of it decidedly interesting. In a general way, it tells the story of Mr. Hutton's life, of his first adventures in journalism, of his devotion to the stage, of his many warm friendships with actors and literary people, and of his wanderings in other lands. Possessed of a strong social instinct and an admirable sense of humor, he was a charming companion, and for many years his house was the scene of those literary and artistic gatherings whose recorded speech—if it ever could be recorded—would be something in the nature of an epitome of the best literature. But, unfortunately, Boswells are even scarcer than Johnsons. We find Charles Greville constantly regretting that he cannot remember in the morning the brilliant things that Sydney Smith or Macaulay had said the evening before. George Russell and Grant-Duff are excellent reporters, but more frequently of light and witty than of weighty and valuable talk. Apparently nothing is more evanescent than the wisdom of good talkers; and books like the present, which preserve some fragments thereof, commend themselves to those who occasionally hear good talk and are annoyed by their inability to remember it.

A good deal of space is given to the history of Mr. Hutton's collection of death-masks—humorously called his *Scullery*—now in the Library of Princeton University. It appears that many of the most interesting masks were found in some ash barrels in Second Street, where they had been thrown away by people ignorant of their value, and that they had originally belonged to George Combe the phrenologist, and had been used by him during a course of lectures here in 1838. Probably one of the most unfailing sources of happiness in this life is the collector's mania, and Mr. Hutton possessed it in liberal measure. As the years went on, he was constantly adding to this collection of masks, and at the same time was making other collections of memorabilia that interested him.

Many good things might be quoted in order to show the quality of the book, but perhaps one abbreviated story will suffice. Arthur Brooks (brother of Phillips Brooks), when a boy of seven or eight, was sent with a note to Miss Longfellow, and was admitted to the house by the old poet, who talked to him while he waited for his answer. The boy said he was reading 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk,' and the poet said he had not seen it for years and should be glad to see it again. The youth was seized with a sudden impulse, rushed home to get five cents of his *own* money, bought the book, and presented it to the poet, who received it with becoming dignity, and showed as much gratitude as if it had been a first-folio Shakspere.

A Treatise on the Incorporation and Organization of Corporations. By Thomas Gold Frost. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905.

Mr. Frost's volume deals with "business corporations," and nearly two-thirds of it consists of a "Synopsis-Digest" of the general incorporation acts of the several States, and forms for drawing charters. The treatise proper consists of some two hundred pages devoted not only to "drafting the charter," "procuring the charter," "organization of corporations after incorporation," and "issuance and payment of capital stock," but to "legislative control over domestic corporations" and "legislative control over foreign corporations." These last chapters constitute a wide field by themselves, and we accordingly find that such a subject as the Police Power is very cursorily dealt with in three pages.

The book is mainly valuable as a vademecum for incorporators. It teaches the whole important art of incorporation in a very satisfactory way, and without an excess of citations. Of most general interest, perhaps, is what the author has to say about "capitalization" of corporations, a subject which is always engaging the attention of courts, legislatures, and the press. This is contained in his fourth chapter, on the "Issuance and Payment of Capital Stock." His interesting account of this vexed topic shows one thing conclusively—that, up to the present time, no means has been found by the State of guaranteeing to those who deal with corporations that what may be called the realizable capital of a corporation shall correspond, dollar for dollar, with the nominal capital, except in the form of a requirement that the capital stock shall consist of so much money, or money's worth, actually paid in. This requirement, however, while it can be enforced in the case of corporations like banks, is wholly inconsistent with the great principle which underlies our modern corporation system—*i. e.*, that of enabling all-comers to incorporate everything in the nature of a business venture which they may wish to bring forward. Hence we are told that, of late years, courts of high standing have adopted what the author calls "the speculative value rule."

"This may be defined as that rule whereby a corporation is permitted, in issuing its capital stock as full-paid and non-assessable in exchange for either real or personal property, to appraise the latter at its *potential speculative value*, looking towards its future development rather than at its present intrinsic value."

We commend the chapter not only to the intending incorporator, as replete with valuable instruction, but to the student of the science of government, who will find in it food for a great deal of thought. If a well-recognized function of the State, such as that of supervising the capitalization of business corporations, can become substantially atrophied in fifty years, would it not be better to give up all pretence of supervision, and let people capitalize all speculative enterprises at any figure they please? What is the "speculative value rule" applicable to a "Keeley-motor" secret, a *process for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers*, or a Venezuelan railroad "concession"?

William Cullen Bryant. By William Aspenwall Bradley. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Mr. Bradley's affair in this volume is naturally one of critical appraisal and interpretation rather than of documentary biography. Bryant was but a parsimonious and infrequent letter-writer; and, despite the seeming antinomy of his poetical and journalistic pursuits, he was of an exceptional single-mindedness. Hence Mr. Godwin, in his admirable two-volume Life, had little difficulty in rounding up pretty nearly all the vital facts and documents; and the few that eluded his net, or proved too small for its meshes, were readily caught by Mr. Bigelow. Mr. Bradley offers practically no information that was not contained in Godwin and Bigelow, nor does he attempt to present the facts in a novel light. He has wisely contented himself with the codification and arrangement of them. He has constructed a narrative of excellent ordonnance, and, by keeping the imaginativeness of his man consistently in the foreground, contrives to give the reader an uninterrupted impression of the inwardness of Bryant in his character of poet. So, while his story lacks something of the detailed verisimilitude of his predecessors', it does present a view of Bryant the poet that is, perhaps, a little more integral and impressive; and, whether consciously or not, he has minimized the frigidity and emphasized the Washington-like quality of the man—"Cold but to such as love distemperature."

On the critical side, Mr. Bradley owes little to his authorities, and is at his best. He steers a happy mean between the obtuse detraction and the too enthusiastic rhetoric, to which Bryant, even more than most American poets, has been subjected. His concern is less with the artistic quality of Bryant's poetry than with its imaginative background and spiritual motives. These are abstract considerations, and Mr. Bradley is not as yet perfectly master of the difficult art of putting abstractions concretely. At times his thought is a little elusive, his style too even in its flow, too seldom visited by the vivid word; yet his criticism in the sum is penetrating and just. No one has yet written at length of Bryant with a firmer

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hold on the American origins of his poetry or a wider perspective of general literature.

The Puritan inspiration of Bryant's poetry has long been evident, but Mr. Bradley shows clearly how he presented the wholesomer, saner side of Puritanism, and so afforded a natural and needed relief to the immortal exhibition of its tragical side in the romances of Hawthorne. Even fresher and more satisfying to a lover of Bryant's poetry is what Mr. Bradley has to say, in a heightened passage near the close of his book, of Bryant's relation to poetic impulses older than the Puritan:

"And somehow, too, whether it is the result of his classical studies in his youth, or of a more fundamental and deep-lying kinship, Bryant seems even to summon up voices of a more ancient poetry, solemn and oracular in the deep forest shades, pensive and pastoral on the sunny slopes. The pagan strain that we have found in Bryant echoes Virgil no less than Lucretius. In his love of all things beautiful, in his religious regard for nature, as well as in the pervasive sadness for the tears of things which interpenetrates his verse, the poet of New England is not so remote from the Mantuan as from many poets of his own day. His poetical acceptance of those traditional feelings concerning nature which formed part of the inherited religion of his race, even while his mind was weaned from the orthodox dogmas of its belief, is like Virgil's also. It is not so much that he consciously employed these as poetic material, as that they were in his blood and fused inseparably with the stir of a life within him that was older than his individual life. Hence the primitiveness of piety in much of his verse, its elemental quality. The suppliancy with which he bows before those mighty powers of the universe in which the divine presence is revealed is not reasoned, but instinctive. Thus it mirrors the primal religious trend of mankind, and gives it through art a new hold upon the spirit."

It is easy enough to disagree with Mr. Bradley in matters of inference and interpretation. Massachusetts, for example, in the War of 1812, with her privateers sending hundreds of fat prizes to Salem harbor, was scarcely so unanimously absorbed in an ideal reprobation of the war as he would make her out. Nor is it possible to go all the way with him in dispraising (for the greater honoring of "Thanatopsis") so memorable a poem as Blair's "Grave," or in holding Bryant to be, "save Poe," "the most imaginative of all our poets." The author of "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl" certainly never had the deep-flashing imaginative insight of Emerson, or the gift of glamourie, of visualizing unapparent realities, that Lowell knew in his youth and never wholly lost. Yet Bryant's imaginative vision of the symbolical life of Nature was the steadier, within its range, and his poetic workmanship was firmer, of a more enduring perfection. It may very well be, as Mr. Bradley hints, but doesn't quite like to say right out, that the lapse of years will leave as many of Bryant's pieces untouched with caducity as of any American poet.

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham. With an introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by James H. Emerton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Small 8vo, pp. 311, 50 figs.

This is an altogether delightful little book, summarizing a series of observations that extended through a series of years. It is impossible to watch the action of a colony of wasps, or of even a single wasp, for any considerable period without being impressed by the energy displayed and the strictly business-like attention to the work in hand. When the observations are carried on for several seasons, and specific individuals are followed for hours, as the Peckhams have followed them, it is natural that respect for the waspish abilities should increase. The charm of the book is in the directness with which the story is told, and in the obvious sympathy manifested by the authors with the struggles and aims of the active little nest-makers. Great stress is laid on the fact that each wasp is an individual, and, as such, unlike every other even of the same species: "The one pre-eminent, unmistakable and ever-present fact is variability—variability in every particular"; and as to the effect of this, when strongly marked: "The others, the conservators of old usages and customs, are the majority, the crowd. Yes, but is it not always the strong-minded few that direct the destiny of a race?"

An interesting fact brought out is the remarkable power of localization possessed by wasps, and the amount of variability shown in its exercise. Some will make a thorough study of the surroundings of their nest after completion, and will go to it unerringly thereafter; others are much more careless, and find difficulty in locating their home every time they return to it. As between species, the more excitable and nervous types make a great fuss over every act in their housekeeping, and sometimes spend hours in discovering the burrows they had labored to conceal from other eyes only. The method by which these excavations or cells are closed and concealed is told in great detail. It appears that some wasps actually make use of small pebbles to firm the soil over the opening before covering it with bits of vegetation to make it undistinguishable from the surroundings.

While the book is engagingly written, it is also scientifically accurate. Every species referred to is specifically determined, and every observation is so clearly recorded that it carries conviction; the facts are stated as they appeared, and not to prove a theory. It follows quite naturally from what has been already said that the Peckhams do not believe wasps to be insect automata, whose every act is a manifestation of a blind instinct. That instinct (or inherited experience) is the guide, is admitted, of course; but the application of this guide to the special surroundings is a manifestation of intelligence. Were instinct alone involved, all specimens of a species would work equally well; as a matter of fact, some are stupid and others bright; some attend with painstaking care to every detail of their household affairs, others will make a cell, get it all ready to be stocked, and cap it in apparent forgetfulness of the purpose for which it was constructed.

The bookmaker has done his work well, and the index is adequate. The drawings are mostly suggestive, but in some cases dreadfully out of proportion, the wasps appearing to equal in length trees that look from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter!

Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality. By Robert Brandon Arnold. Macmillan. 1904.

Perhaps the less one knows of philosophy, the more one will find in this book. In reading it one is now and then reminded that the author is an adherent of Bradley. The volume is about the size of 'Appearance and Reality,' and its page has somewhat the appearance of that famous essay. It further reminds one of Bradley by the many things it pronounces "obvious" which few would discover to be so of themselves. The work has a method, too; or so it informs us. The author is so thoroughly acquainted with the Absolute that we cannot think of questioning what he has to say of Metaphysical Reality, but he is by no means at home with Scientific Fact. His misunderstandings of the many scientific books he seems to have read or dipped into, are surprising.

We have carefully selected for examination a single paragraph, to be treated indulgently, if so we may convey a sufficient idea of what the whole is like. It fills two pages and a half. The subject under consideration is immortality, which may be taken as indicating the relation of the work to "Scientific Fact." The writer begins by telling his reader that "a small cyclonic eddy sweeping along a road"—in short, a whirlwind—may, after the lapse of "a few minutes," "not contain a single material particle which was present in it" before; and he suggests that the identity of a "human personality" ought to be conceived as analogous to that of the whirlwind. To support this, he remarks that "it is decidedly inaccurate to describe" "conscious manifestations" "as dependent on a particular formation of molecules in the brain, since the true "correlation" is betwe "mental phenomena" and "cerebral chang in form and activities." For the "stre of consciousness observed in introspecti should be regarded as the energy aspect our being and of the universe," provide energy be understood in a generalized sense in which it covers more than mere physical energy—a generalization which is at all events indispensable to save the physicist from falling into contradictions. In short, "our view may be put thus: 'all evidence tends to show that the organism is one. Yet we have the clear distinction of body and mind giving rise to different sciences, physiology and psychology. The solution seems to lie in the inevitable inadequacy due to our evolutionary and limited point of view, for which certain aspects of the universe must become apparent before others, and hence all the possible ground of our apprehension is prematurely occupied. Psychology is barely fifty years old, but already is becoming psychophysics. We stated earlier that mind *is* matter in certain combinations transcended. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that in proportion as the universe is apprehended from a more comprehensive standpoint, it displays what is to us the mental aspect more plainly."

Since accuracy is here in question, what accuracy is there in saying that "all evidence tends to show that the organism is one"? It is difficult to understand what is meant by saying that psychology is barely fifty years old (which would mean either that Lotze, Bain, or Spencer originated it, for it would be too absurd to attribute its paternity to Volkmann von Volkmar or even to George), while in the same breath saying it is now becoming psychophysics; for surely there has been no work on psychology more purely psychophysical than Wundt's 'Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thiersee-

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len,' which appeared in 1863, therefore almost at the birth of the science, according to Arnold. If we remember rightly, Tyndall likened thought to a wave, as a form that is propagated and has a sort of identity, and yet is not matter. It was probably that comparison which has suggested to Mr. Arnold that a person is something like a vortex. But anybody who is competent to draw a simple inference from the testimony of his two eyes can see that a vortex is entirely different from a wave, being a portion of fluid matter, and not a mere form like a wave, which leaves a floating chip behind and does not carry everything along as a whirlwind does. It is not true that its particles are constantly being exchanged for others like the particles of a wave. But such is the representation of 'Scientific Fact' throughout the book.

Mediæval Civilization: Selected Studies from European Authors. Translated and Edited by Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery. The Century Co. 1904.

This little volume, which two professors of the University of Wisconsin have prepared with praiseworthy care and good judgment, adds another to the increasing number of aids to historical instruction. It contains selections, not from contemporary authors, but from the writings of reputable moderns, whose work may be assumed to rest upon a thorough knowledge of original material. They have been translated and edited with considerable freedom to illustrate specific points of interest in the whole field of mediæval study, from the fall of the Roman culture to the beginnings of modern times. So far as the choice of the selections goes, there is little room for fair criticism. Every teacher would make his own choice, and his own is the best for him. The claim of such a book as this on the teaching world is that it offers something useful to a great variety of schools and a wide range of capacity in teachers, and this claim is well sustained by the present volume. It may fairly be said that a pupil who should read understandingly all the selections here contained, would gain no inconsiderable hold upon many of the most striking aspects of mediæval life. The real question is: How far is it to be expected that a young pupil should read the book with understanding? He could do this only under the direction of a teacher who could explain to him the thousand allusions to things he could not of himself comprehend; and this raises the further question whether such a teacher would be satisfied with the scraps here offered when he might lead his pupil to the full table of contemporary writings, or at all events to the abundant dessert of the secondary writers here carved for his handier service.

In making these queries we are not criticising the merit of this Wisconsin volume; we are only speaking of it as representative of a tendency in modern education to get along with bits instead of requiring that long and patient "reading" in books of real importance whereby alone a permanent and definite impression can be made on the young student's mind. The editors frankly defend their work on the ground of insufficient library supply and the ignorance of students in the languages of modern Europe. These are sad confessions, especially when we note that of the thirty-two selections here given all but three seem to be from French originals, and when we consider how very little time rationally spent would enable any student to read enough French to handle the books from which these bits are taken. The danger is, and every teacher knows how real a danger it is, that we shall become satisfied with these apologies for books, and relax our zeal in securing adequate supplies of valuable originals and adequate instruction in the means of reading them. In the haze of our pedagogic atmosphere two great truths remain fixed: that very few students will do anything they are not expected to do, and that the great majority of them can be led to immensely greater achievement simply by expecting it of them. Meanwhile, let us be glad that as good men as our editors are willing to lend a hand in supplying crutches to the lame, and join them in what we are sure is their hope, that the time will come when their patients shall learn to walk alone.

The Forms of Public Address. Edited by George P. Baker. Henry Holt & Co.

This is a novel venture in the field of rhetoric, or English composition. The author is assistant professor of English at Harvard, and calls himself editor because the body of the book consists of a mass of reprinted letters, editorial articles, speeches, addresses, etc., given as illustrations of different "forms of public address." The original part of the book is an introduction in the form of an open letter to teachers. This we have found interesting, and it seems to be indicative of a tendency at Harvard away from the cultivation of the pure art of debate, and more in the direction of a return to the study of English composition as such.

The sum and substance of Mr. Baker's argument we take to be that the mastery of the art of formal debate is of less importance than it has been generally supposed to be, because in actual life the occasions for formal debate are few; what we need to learn is mainly how to write a letter, how to make a report, how to write an editorial, how, in short, to take some idea which we wish to enforce, advance, or express, and put it in a simple and effective shape, adapted to the comprehension of those to whom it is addressed. Evidently this is English composition as we used to study it, with modifications. First be sure that you have something to say; and then devote yourself to the expression of it.

Mr. Baker thinks that, at present, teachers of rhetoric are altogether too fond of paying attention to *phrase*, which is highly probable. He seems to us to be at fault in supposing that students can be profitably taught to mould and adapt what they have to say to particular audiences. A young man of twenty can hardly write an inaugural address in the character of a person about to take the oath as President of the United States in the midst of civil war. Mr. Baker himself says that he has found it almost impossible to get a student to write a good letter to an imaginary friend urging him in the summer vacation to "room with him" during the coming year. "Most students merely stated why they liked their rooms; hardly one looked at the plan through the eyes of his friend." There is, of course, no end to the different species of exercises in composition which may be taught—the Greeks and Romans spent years over rhetoric where we spend months; but we are inclined to think that in the long run the simplest are the best. *Précis* or abstract writing is not referred to here, perhaps because it is regarded as too elementary; in our experience, however, it is one of the most valuable sorts of training in expression which a young man or woman can acquire, and one most persistently neglected.

Garden Colour: Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; Summer, by E. V. B.; Autumn, by Rose Kingsley; Winter, by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. With coloured sketches and notes by Margaret Waterfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The recent marvellous advance in photographic processes for reproducing colors has rendered it certain that a sumptuous book like 'Garden Colour' must sooner or later be made for lovers of fine gardens, but the present exquisite treatise comes with somewhat of a surprise. It was hardly to be expected that the first essays in this direction would be so nearly free from blemish as are almost all of the colored plates here. Undoubtedly, the photographer had at his service water-color drawings of more than ordinary quality. In fact, this is shown by the touching introduction by the editress, which indicates that she has a very deep love for gardens and for all things beautiful. She has thrown a great deal of herself into the paintings which make the basis of these studies in chromo-horticulture. A few of them are decidedly impressionistic (to use a poor word), but they are, nevertheless, exceedingly effective.

The contributed text is not so uniformly good as the plates. This is perhaps to be looked for. Some of the "practical" directions are not wholly practical, but they cannot lead anybody astray. The book does not profess to be a handbook of gardening: it is simply a guide to the proper management of color in foliage and blossom. Even in our own country the suggestions will be found useful, since the lists given for England can with a few changes be employed in the selection of effective groups here. The differences are not much greater, in fact, than between color and colour. Although the volume is best adapted to use on grand estates, where great masses of plants can be employed, it is also a sound adviser as to tiny plots around small houses. Its judicious counsel, honestly followed in our suburban homes, would spare us the dreadful color-tragedies which shock us on every hand. Our excellent horticultural journals are now doing much towards abating the nuisance of mismated garden plants, and this volume, rightly used, will be of much service in the same direction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Frederick Upham. John Henry Smith. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Bain, R. Nisbet. The First Romanovs. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Chambers, Robert W. Iole. Appleton. $1.25.
Dixon, Thomas, jr. The Life Worth Living. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20.
Emerson, Oliver Farrar. A Middle English Reader. Macmillan Co. $1.90.
Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. A Mother of Czars. Dutton. $3.50 net.

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